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MAYNARD'S ENGLISH CLASSIC SERIES.—No. 197-198

THE ILIAD OF HOMER

BOOKS I, VI, XXII, AND XXIV

BY

ALEXANDER POPE

WITH INTRODUCTION AND EXPLANATORY
NOTES



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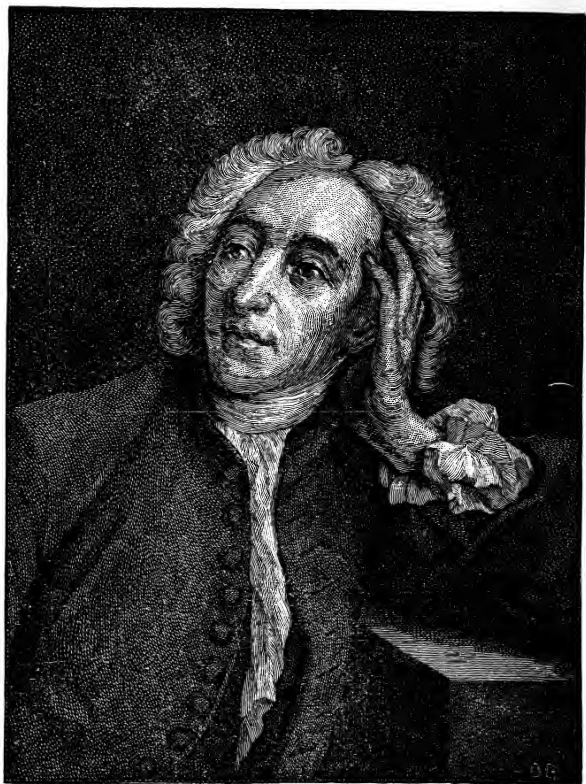
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INTRODUCTION *

The *Iliad* is a Greek epic poem produced about one thousand years before the Christian era. It is very generally conceded to be one of the greatest poems in all literature, and as such has been admired from the dawn of Greek history to the present day.

Since Wolf, in 1795, denied that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were the work of one poet, the authorship of the *Iliad* has been a subject of contention among scholars. Here it will only be possible to give a general view of the most modern, and most widely accepted theories as to the origin of the poem.

Homer. When we speak of Homer we do not mean a person historically known to us in the way that Shakespeare or Pope is known. The name Homer is conventional, its etymological meaning being "fitted together." Nothing is accurately known of Homer's life. All the knowledge we possess is derived from his works, from the scattered notices supplied by ancient literature and tradition, and from inferences drawn from archæology.

In the Homeric age the Bard was an important and influential member of the courts of princes, and every princely court presumably had its court poet who was prepared to recite from memory the famous deeds of heroes. But, as there could not have been a great number of original poets of merit, it must have been the custom for one bard to learn from another. If this were the case, there was probably some sort of school of poetry to which the minstrels would resort. We can then conceive of the *Iliad* as originally a short poem by some supreme poet (Homer) which won its way to favor by intrinsic merit. After a time the

* This introduction lays no claim to originality, the editor believing that his task would be most acceptably accomplished if he gave the views of scholars who are recognized as authorities. The list of these given at the end will, it is hoped, prove of great assistance to the teacher.

immense superiority of this short poem to those of other poets would be generally acknowledged, and the Homeric influence over the school of bards would be so dominant that all future work would be colored and inspired by it. We can thus see how it would have been possible for other bards, great poets too, to add their own poems to the original until the *Iliad* would have reached its present length. In answer to the question of how it would be possible for the work of the succeeding poets to be kept at the high level of the original, we may say that in the case of great Italian painters it frequently occurs that a pupil's work is quite indistinguishable from that of the master. Nor for this reason is the master's reputation diminished. It merely shows that a supreme artist has the power of raising lesser men to his own eminence by his inspiring influence.

Another theory is that the *Iliad*, while the work of a number of bards, owes its present literary form to Homer, who joined together the different parts and made it an organic whole.

In England especially, the old theory that the *Iliad* is the work of one poet still holds its ground, and is advocated by many scholars.

If the theory of the multi-authorship of the Homeric poems be accepted, we have in the *Iliad*, not the voice of a single poet, but the splendid heritage of a whole age of Greek history. The Greeks themselves, and all men until the end of the eighteenth century, were practically unanimous in believing the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* to be the work of one poet, Homer. The Homeric poems were dearer to the Greeks than national poems have been to any people. They were simple and strong enough to be popular early, and mature enough in art to please a ripe culture. Greek boys learned Homer by heart at school, moralists went to him for maxims, statesmen for arguments, noble houses to prove their descent from heroes. From about 450 B. C. "Civic" or public editions were prepared by various cities for their own use at public festivals. Private editions were also numerous. The most famous was that which Aristotle prepared for his pupil, Alexander the Great, an edition which the youthful monarch

carried in a jeweled casket all through his eastern campaigns. The oldest and best manuscript of the *Iliad* now extant is one dating from the tenth century, found at Venice late in the last century. The first printed edition of Homer was published at Florence in 1488.

The Trojan War. The cause of the Trojan War was as follows: The City of Troy or Ilium was the capital of Troas, a kingdom in the northwestern part of Asia Minor on the Hellespont. Paris, the son of King Priam of Troy, while on a visit to Sparta fell in love with Helen, the wife of Menelaus, King of Sparta. Helen was the most beautiful woman in the world, and before she had married Menelaus many of the other kings in Greece had been her suitors. When, therefore, Paris seized her and carried her off in his galley, Menelaus had no great difficulty in organizing a powerful armament to avenge his wrongs. Agamemnon, the brother of Menelaus and King of Mycenæ, was chosen commander-in-chief. The other most remarkable leaders were Achilles from Thessaly, the son of Peleus, the most famous of the Greek heroes; Ajax from Salamis, the son of Telamon; Ulysses (Odysseus) from Ithaca; Diomedes from Argos, the son of Tydeus; and Nestor from Pylos, the oldest of the heroes and one whose opinion was greatly respected. Besides these there were many others of inferior note. When the Grecian host, which filled twelve hundred ships, arrived on the coast of Troas, they laid siege to Troy. But the Trojans, headed by Hector, the son of Priam; with Æneas, a Trojan chief; Sarpedon, King of Lycia; Pandarus of Zeleia, and others, made so vigorous a resistance that the siege was prolonged for ten years. During these years the besieging army occupied itself with attacks on towns round about and forays into the neighboring territory.

The Story of the Iliad. It is after one of these petty conquests during the last year of the war that the incident occurs which forms the subject of the poem. In a division of booty such as always followed the capture of a town, Chryseis, the daughter of a priest of Apollo, is allotted to Agamemnon, the leader of the host. The father's offer of a princely ransom for his daughter is

met by Agamemnon with scorn. The father then prays to Apollo for vengeance. Apollo sends a plague on the army, which Calchas, the augur, after being encouraged by Achilles, declares to be a token of the god's anger at the detention of Chryseis. Agamemnon after an angry debate with Achilles, agrees to restore Chryseis, but in return seizes the maiden, Bryseis, who had fallen to the share of Achilles. Achilles in his rage at this indignity betakes himself to his mother, the sea goddess Thetis, and she obtains from Zeus (Jupiter) a promise that the Trojans shall have the upper hand in the war until justice is done to her son.* Achilles then withdraws entirely from the active work of the siege. The war moves on with fluctuating results until the Greeks are driven back to their ships and fire is brought to burn them. The moment has now arrived which Achilles had fixed in his mind, up to which he could maintain his rigid abstention from the contest. He sends his forces, the Myrmidons, into battle under the leadership of his bosom friend, Patroclus. The tide is at once turned, but only after Patroclus has been slain by Hector. The grief of Achilles is as portentous as his wrath. He now returns to the fray and passes like a devastating whirlwind over the plain. Finally Hector himself appears, and after being pursued three times around the walls of Troy falls before the dread spear of Achilles. Then comes the reconciliation of Agamemnon and Achilles. This is effected by the agency of Thetis, who calms her son's fierce wrath. Achilles finally consents to return to aged King Priam the body of Hector, and the poem concludes with the obsequies of the hero who had been the main prop of Troy.

Achilles. It will at once be noticed that the subject of the poem is not the Trojan War but merely an episode occupying about a month in the last year of the war. The Greek word *menis*, meaning wrath, with which the poem begins, is its keynote. The wrath of Achilles, its cause, its effects, and its end,

* To a Homeric hero the prize was valuable not only for its intrinsic worth but also as an honorable recognition of his services. A prize taken away, then, is a dishonor.

form the theme of the poem, of which Achilles is the hero. John Addington Symonds has described the character of Achilles acutely :

“He, more than any character of fiction, reflects the qualities of the Greek race in its heroic age. His vices of passion and ungovernable pride, his virtue of splendid human heroism, his free individuality asserted in the scorn of fate, are representative of that Hellas which afterward, at Marathon and Salamis, was destined to inaugurate a new era of spiritual freedom for mankind. It is impossible for us to sympathize with him wholly, or to admire him otherwise than as we admire a supreme work of art, so far is he removed from our so-called proprieties of moral taste and feeling. But we can study in him the type of a bygone, infinitely valuable period of the world's life, of that age in which the human spirit was emerging from the confused passions and sordid needs of barbarism into the higher emotions and more refined aspirations of civilization ; of this dawn, this boyhood of humanity, Achilles is the fierce and fiery hero. He is the ideal of a race not essentially moral or political ; of a nation which subordinated morals to art, and politics to personality ; and even of that race he idealizes the youth rather than the manhood. In some respects Odysseus is a truer representative of the delicate and subtle spirit which survived all changes in the Greeks. But Achilles, far more than Odysseus, is an impersonation of the Hellenic genius, superb in its youthfulness, doomed to immature decay, yet brilliant at every stage of its brief career.”

The Other Characters. The other characters are quite overshadowed by the superhuman grandeur of Achilles. Odysseus, the hero of the Odyssey, although a great and many-sided character, falls into a minor position when Achilles is on the scene. The other heroes on the Greek side are brought into prominence while Achilles is in retirement. Thus in the third and fourth books Menelaus is the hero ; in the fifth and sixth, Diomedes ; in the seventh, Ajax ; in the thirteenth, Idomeneus. Agamemnon, though strong in policy, is the least Achæan of all the chieftains,

tainted with selfishness and greed of gain, and without the bravery in council which he shows on the field. With him the others compare favorably; the modest valor of Menelaus; the brilliance of Diomedes almost rivaling that of Achilles; the sturdiness of Ajax. On the Trojan side Hector is at times unworthy of the exalted position he holds. He compares poorly with Sarpedon and Glaucus, but advantageously with the effeminate Paris. His courage is far from perfect, and his character is tainted by occasional boastfulness and rashness. But he is pious toward the gods, affectionate in his home, and an unselfish patriot, laden perhaps with more responsibility than he can bear. At the last moment, driven to bay, he recovers a perfect manhood and dies a hero.

Of the female characters Andromache and Helen are most prominent. Andromache is the model of everything that a wife and woman should be, and is one of the most beautiful characters in all literature. Helen, though the occasion of so much woe to the Trojans and carped at by some of the family of Priam, was always treated tenderly by Hector and is generally spoken of by all persons without disrespect. With "beauty such as never woman wore," and with the infirmity of purpose which chequered her career, she unites not only grace and kindness but a deep humility and a peculiar self-condemnation which is akin to Christian repentance.

Homer's Style. Matthew Arnold sums up thus the four main characteristics of Homer: "When I say that he is eminently rapid: that he is eminently plain and direct both in the evolution of his thought and in the expression of it—that is, both in his syntax and in his words; that he is eminently plain and direct in the substance of his thoughts—that is, in his matter and ideas; and, finally, that he is eminently noble—I probably seem to be saying what is too general to be of much service to anybody."

The *Iliad* is written in hexameter verse, a verse made up of twelve standard units. Five of these units may be broken into halves at will, with a short syllable assigned to each half; so that the syllables of the verse may vary between twelve and seventeen.

The distinction between long and short syllables is thus the key to the extraordinary elasticity of the system. There are various subtle diversities of law, all tending to enlarge the poetic freedom. Homer's verse is adapted to his meaning with a fitness equaled by no other poet. For example, when he has to describe the rapid motion of flying chariots, he increases the rapid—that is, the short—syllables of each line to eight or even ten, and the verse seems to gallop. One of Homer's most noticeable qualities is his constant use of epithets and the exclusive application of certain epithets to certain characters. Elaborate similes are also frequently used. The story is always told by action and speech, not by descriptions.

Homeric Religion. The deities of the *Iliad* are colossal men and women, stronger and fairer than mortals, able to work wonders and to take any form they please, but not all-powerful or all-wise, and often immoral. They dwell on the heights of Mount Olympus and are called the Olympian gods.

The features of the Olympian system to be noticed especially are the strong and highly dramatic conception of many of the personages; their sympathy with and interest in the action of the poem; their character of magnified humanity on a grand scale, and the fact that they are treated by the poet with a lack of reverent feeling which would indicate an advanced and decadent civilization. Zeus or Jupiter is the King of Heaven, and exhibits perhaps more than any of the other immortals the mixed human and divine character. He is represented as the upholder of the order and the whole frame of things; also as the civil governor of the skies. In spite of these lofty responsibilities he is jovial at times and revels in intrigues.

After Zeus the most interesting of the immortals is his daughter, Athene (Minerva). She personifies reason and is a perfectly dignified figure throughout. She is the goddess of conduct, of war, of industrial production, and of polity. With Apollo she is associated as enjoying superior and distinctive honor. Apollo has a special office as the minister of death. He also has the gift of unsealing the future.

The Hera (Juno) of Homer is less intellectual, less complex, less sublime, but more human than Athene. As the wife of Zeus she enjoys predominance in Olympus. Hera is eminently feminine in character, but her femininity is not of a lofty type. She is jealous and intriguing.

Besides these leading gods and goddesses there are Ares (Mars), the god of war in its more brutal manifestations; Aphrodite, the goddess of beauty and love; Thetis, the mother of Achilles, a sea goddess who in Homer has the general character of mediator; and Iris, the envoy of Zeus. Hermes is also a messenger and guide. Hephæstus is the god of metal work; Poseidon, a sea god. There are other gods and demi-gods, but space does not admit of describing any but the most important.*

Homeric Morals. The moral standards of Homer's time are infinitely superior to those of historic Greece. This is most marked in the domestic relations and in the respect accorded to woman. In Homer she is the honored companion of man, not the inferior creature of historic times.

The Homeric Greeks revered natural law profoundly, while conventional law hardly yet existed. There was a deep sense of the dignity of man and a total absence of the extreme forms of wickedness with which later ages were familiar. Duty between man and man, charity, hospitality, justice, and piety to the gods are all required by Homeric ethics.

The Homeric Age. The explorations of Dr. Schliemann and other archæologists and the researches of modern scholarship have put us in possession of information of incalculable value in the study of Homer. It must be remembered that, in the words

* As Pope commonly uses the Latin names of the gods, which modern scholars have very generally abandoned, the following list will be useful.

<i>Greek</i>	<i>Latin</i>	<i>Greek</i>	<i>Latin</i>
Aphrodite	Venus	Hephæstus	Vulcan
Ares	Mars	Hermes	Mercury
Artemis	Diana	Hera	Juno
Cronus	Saturn	Pallas-Athene	Minerva
Dionysus	Bacchus	Phæbus-Apollo	Apollo
Hades	Pluto	Poseidon	Neptune
		Zeus	Jupiter, Jove

of Mr. Gladstone, "The poems of Homer do not constitute merely a great item of the splendid literature of Greece ; but they have a separate portion to which none other can approach. They and the manners they describe constitute a world of their own, and are severed by a sea of time whose breadth has not been certainly measured from the firmly set continent of recorded tradition and continuous fact. In this sea they lie as a great island ; and in this island we find not merely details of events, but a scheme of human life and character, complete in all its parts. We are introduced to man in every relation of which he is capable ; in every one of his arts, devices, institutions." The Greeks of the *Iliad* were the Achæans whose main seat was Mycenæ, the place in which Schliemann's excavations have been so fruitful. The Achæans were a pure Greek race who had come from the north and settled in Greece at some remote period. We know, however, that in the twelfth century B. c. they had attained to great wealth and had produced a vigorous and beautiful school of art. They were great builders and much of their work is still, after more than three thousand years, a marvel for boldness of conception and solidity of construction. Their rule must have lasted for several centuries, but at length it fell, about 1000 B. c., before the invading Dorians, a rude tribe of Greek mountaineers, who pressed southward from the hills about Thessaly.

Dr. Leaf, a distinguished Homeric scholar, has pointed out that the Achæans are not to be regarded as a young and primitive people. They were the offspring of an advanced civilization, the growth of centuries, and of a civilization which was approaching its decline and fall. It was even in some respects more advanced than that later splendid civilization which arose in Greece from the ruins left by the Dorian invaders.

Historical Basis of the Poem. Recent discoveries have tended to confirm the belief that there is some historic reality behind the tale of Troy. Two things are apparent : First, the Achæans were sufficiently powerful to collect a great armament and transport it across the seas for a distant war, for from

Egyptian sources we find that the Achæans invaded Egypt about 1500 B. C. If they could invade Egypt, there is no reason why they could not have invaded the Troad. Second, at the very point where tradition placed the city of Troy there actually was a city of unknown antiquity and of considerable power. Beyond these two facts the story of the *Iliad* must be regarded as fiction.

It should be noticed that the Trojans are described in the *Iliad* as a Greek people with much the same religious and civil institutions, customs, dress, arms, etc., as the Achæans. As a matter of fact, Troy, as revealed by the excavation at Hissarlik, had a culture of its own, but it was entirely different from, and inferior to, that of Mycenæ. The Trojan War, if there was a Trojan War, was a conflict between Europeans and Asiatics. The description of it in the *Iliad* is a poetic idealization of an event which at most can have been known but by distant tradition.

Homeric Dress. The Homeric hero in times of peace wore a tunic of fine linen and a thick, square mantle of red or purple wool fastened at the shoulder by a brooch, very much like our safety-pin. The Homeric lady wore a sort of tunic of fine linen girdled at the waist and with elaborate flounces running about the skirt. In a recent work on Mycenæan discoveries the full dress of a lady of Mycenæ is described minutely from the data supplied by articles found during the excavations. This must nearly coincide with the Homeric dress: "Silks and satins she has none, but soft woolen of sea-purple stain, and glistering linen which even without embroidery might shine like a star in that radiant atmosphere. Her robes, to be sure, are in good part the poet's gift, but her jewels we have handled. 'Fairly smothered in golden jewelry,' as Schliemann found her, she is quite in keeping with her golden city. The diadem of gold is on her brow, golden fillets and pins of exquisite technique shining out of her dark hair, golden bands about her throat, and golden necklaces falling upon her bosom; gold bracelets upon her arms, gold rings chased with inimitable art upon her fingers, and finally her very robes agleam with gold. Thus she stands forth a golden

lady, if we may borrow Homer's epithet for Aprodite—an epithet chosen, we may believe, not only for her beauty's sake, but for the radiant splendor of her apparel."

Arms and Armor. The hero was armed with a huge shield of ox hide bound with metal, a helmet with a plume, and greaves or gaiters of leather or soft tin, not so much for protection against the foe as from the thumping of the great shield against the legs. A long spear and a sword hanging from a golden baldric completed the armor, although a cuirass or breastplate may have been worn. The hero besides these equipments had a two-horsed chariot, used not to fight from, but to transport him from one part of the battlefield to another.

ALEXANDER POPE

Alexander Pope was born in London, in the year 1688. His parents were Catholics, and the poet's attachment to their creed prevented him from seeking any public office or employment. His father died in 1717, and Pope soon afterwards retired to a house at Twickenham, where he spent his leisure in cultivating and adorning his little estate. Here, at the height of his literary renown, he was visited by the most famous wits of the day. He died in 1744.

Naturally irritable, Pope's feelings were intensified by the wretched state of his health; he was deformed from his birth, and his keenly sensitive temperament, his jealousy and vanity, often combined to make life a burden to him. He was not, however, incapable of generously appreciating the work of others in cases where nothing had occurred to kindle his resentment.

The saying that a poet is born, not made, is illustrated by the life of Pope. From a very early age the bent of his genius betrayed itself; he "lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came." From the age of twelve he educated himself, and, though not a profound scholar, was well read in the Latin poets. Some pastoral poems and translations were written as early as 1705, *The Rape of the Lock* in 1714. From 1715 to 1726 Pope was

occupied with his translations of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*—a labor which brought him in the huge sum of \$40,000.

In 1728-29 appeared the *Dunciad*, in which Pope held up to ridicule all pretenders to the name of poet, as well as all who had had the misfortune to arouse his malice.

Between 1731 and 1739 he published a series of poetical essays, of which the *Essay on Man* is the most famous, and in 1737 a book of literary correspondence. The fourth book of the *Dunciad*, and a general revision of his writings, were his last literary efforts.

Alexander Pope was the greatest figure in the so-called Augustan age of English Literature. He is our greatest master of didactic poetry, not so much because of the worth of his thoughts as because of the masterly form in which they are put. The *Essay on Man*, though its philosophy is poor and not his own, is crowded with lines that have passed into daily use. The *Essay on Criticism* is equally full of critical precepts put with exquisite skill. The *Satires* and *Epistles* set virtue and wit over against vice and dullness, and they illustrate both by types of character, in the drawing of which Pope is without a rival in our literature. *The Rape of the Lock* is an exquisite masterpiece of wit and dainty playfulness.

Pope was the second, as Dryden was the first, of the great English poets who thought that excellence of poetry mainly depended on beauty of form. They did not inherit, and did not appreciate, the strong and vivid imagination, and deep and passionate feeling, which breathes in the lines of Spenser, of Shakespeare, and Milton. They thought that what made the poet was not the possession of high and beautiful thoughts, but the power of clothing everyday thoughts in the rich attire of polished and elaborate language. They were both imbued with a spirit of pseudo-classicism derived from France. Of the poetic form which he chose, Pope was a master; perhaps no greater master of verse has ever lived. Dr. Johnson said of him that "a thousand years may elapse before there shall appear another man with a power of versification equal to that of Pope." He per-

fectured an English meter—the heroic couplet—and used it for nearly all of his works. Whether Pope could have attained to equal mastery over other meters seems an idle question; for none could have equally suited the peculiarity of his genius. He once observed that one of the great conditions of writing well is “to know thoroughly what one writes about.” The clear conception of a thought was in each case his first step; next came the indefatigable labor of condensing and compressing it into the form in which its expression, most finished in form, is at the same time most convenient for the memory. Pope’s verse has never a syllable, hardly ever a line too much: it is a constant succession of concise epigram and brilliant antithesis. On the other hand, the very perfection and smoothness of the workmanship palls on one after a time. The regularity of the cadence resembles the marching past of column after column of perfectly drilled troops; but after this is said it would be difficult to point out any other fault in Pope’s versification.

Pope’s Meter. As the heroic couplet is used in Pope’s Homer, it is necessary to say something of its main characteristics. Homer wrote the *Iliad* in what is called hexameter verse, which some poets (*cf.* Longfellow in his *Evangeline*) have tried to reproduce in English.

| This is the | fórest pri | méval, but | whére are the | héarts that
 be | néath it |
 | Léaped like the | rée when he | héars in the | wóodland the |
 vóice of the | húntsman? |

But the English language does not readily adapt itself to this meter, which can never carry in English the dignity it possesses in the original Greek; so Pope was well-advised in preferring for his version the heroic couplet. Dryden had already used it for his translation of Vergil’s *Æneid*, but his versification, though full of vigor, was rough and unequal. It was Pope who brought the heroic couplet to perfection, showing how it could combine smoothness with force, and was equally adapted for

rapid narrative, for declamation, and for epigram. Nowhere, perhaps, are its qualities more perfectly exhibited than in the translation of the speeches in the *Iliad*.

The danger of his meter is an excess of smoothness; and, in the hands of Pope's imitators, who lacked his poetic power, its even flow became wearisome and its antithesis forced and mechanical. So it was set aside by Scott and Campbell in favor of the shorter four-foot couplet, which is certainly an instrument of much less power. In our own day there has been a sort of revival of the heroic couplet by William Morris; but, as he disregards some of the chief principles which guided Pope—the division into couplets complete in themselves, and the *cæsura* or pause in the time—the effect of their verse is very different. It may rather be described as rhyming blank verse.

The following are the main characteristics of the heroic couplet as written by Pope.

The lines rhyme in pairs, and each couplet makes a complete sense by itself. There is generally a full stop or a semicolon at the end of the second line of the couplet, but occasionally only a comma.

Each line contains five feet. The feet are either—

- (a) iambus; *i. e.*, a short (or unaccented) syllable, followed by a long (or accented) syllable.; *e. g.*, beneath.
- (b) spondee; *i. e.*, two long syllables.
- (c) trochee; *i. e.*, a long syllable, followed by a short one; *e. g.*, goddess. The trochee is used only in the first foot of a line, and then only with a view to special emphasis.
- (d) pyrrhic; *i. e.*, two short syllables. This is used only in the third and fourth places, and then but sparingly.

The last foot of each line must always be an iambus. The fourth foot must not be a spondee if it is divided between two words; *e. g.*, "To all | Græce dire | ful spring" is an impossible ending for a line.

Either the second or third foot of each line must be divided between two words, one of which must not be a monosyllable. An exception to this rule is allowed when there is a comma at

the end of the second foot. (Pope expressed this differently. He says, "I have avoided the *cæsura*," where by "*cæsura*" he means ending the second foot with the end of a word.)

It is usual to mark the scansion thus:

Ǽchill | ǽs' wrāth, | to Grēce | thē dīre | fūl spring |
Of wōes | ūnnūm | bered, heāven | lȳ gōd | dēss, sīng. |

Pope's Homer.—Matthew Arnold's list of the characteristics of Homer has been given above; he is eminently rapid, eminently plain and direct in matter and manner, and eminently noble. A translator, then, should possess all these qualities, in addition to a scholarly knowledge of Greek and an insight into the real Homeric spirit. Pope, strange to say, had almost no knowledge of Greek. His version was made almost entirely from previous English, French, and Latin translations. Bentley, the great Greek scholar of Pope's day, when asked for his opinion of the translation, replied: "A pretty poem, Mr. Pope, but you must not call it Homer." This is the unanimous verdict of scholars. How far Pope strays at times from the original; how he takes unwarrantable liberties with the text; how he inserts epigrams and antitheses where none are indicated in the original, and how he constantly adds rhetorical adornments, the literal prose translations given freely in the notes will show. Pope and his contemporaries held that poetry should have a language of its own; thus we find him translating Homer's horse into "steed" or "courser," wine into "purple tide," maiden into "the fair"—his most famous euphemism being in the passage where Ajax is compared to an ass, translated "The slow beast with heavy strength endued." All this is, of course, far from Homer's noble simplicity. In the notes, however, such features will be pointed out in connection with the text itself. Pope's version certainly is not instinct with the Homeric simplicity and directness, but it has some of Homer's fire, much of Homer's interest, and at times, especially in the speeches, some of Homer's nobility. For these reasons it is still read and admired.

CRITICAL OPINIONS

Matthew Arnold, the most distinguished English critic of this century, in his lectures *On Translating Homer*, says the following of Pope's translation: "One feels that Homer's thought has passed through a literary and rhetorical crucible and come out highly intellectualized; come out in a form which strongly impresses us, indeed, but which no longer impresses us in the same way as when it was uttered by Homer. . . A literary and intellectualized language is, however, in its own way well suited to grand matters; and Pope, with a language of this kind and his own admirable talent, comes off well enough as long as he has passion, or oratory, or a great crisis to deal with. Even here, as I have been pointing out, he does not render Homer; but he and his style are in themselves strong. It is when he comes to level passages, passages of narrative or description, that he and his style are sorely tried and prove themselves weak. . . It is for passages of this sort, which, after all, form the bulk of a narrative poem, that Pope's style is so bad. In elevated passages he is powerful, as Homer is powerful, though not in the same way; but in plain narrative, where Homer is still powerful and delightful, Pope, by the inherent fault of his style, is ineffective and out of taste. Wordsworth says somewhere that, wherever Vergil seems to have composed 'with his eye on the object,' Dryden fails to render him. Homer invariably composes 'with his eye on the object,' whether the object be a moral or a material one; Pope composes with his eye on his style, into which he translates his object, whatever it is. That, therefore, which Homer conveys to us immediately, Pope conveys to us through a medium. He aims at turning Homer's sentiments pointedly and rhetorically; at investing Homer's description with ornament and dignity."

Mr. Leslie Stephen's *Life of Pope* contains some admirable crit-

ical estimates of his works. In regard to the translation of the *Iliad* he says: "Pope was really a wit of the days of Queen Anne, and saw only that aspect of Homer which was visible to his kind. The poetic mood was not to him a fine frenzy—for good sense must condemn all frenzy—but a deliberate elevation of the bard by high-heeled shoes and a full-bottomed wig. Seas and mountains, being invisible from Button's, could only be described by worn phrases from the Latin grammar. Even his narrative must be full of epigrams to avoid the one deadly sin of dullness, and his language must be decorous, even at the price of being sometimes emasculated. But accept these conditions, and much still remains. After all, a wit was still a human being, and much more nearly related to us than an ancient Greek. Pope's style, when he is at his best, has the merit of being thoroughly alive; there are no dead masses of useless verbiage; every excrescence has been carefully pruned away; slovenly paraphrases and indistinct slurrings over of the meaning have disappeared. He corrected carefully and scrupulously, as his own statement implies, not with a view of transferring as large a portion as possible of his author's meaning to his own verses, but in order to make the versification as smooth and the sense as transparent as possible. We have the pleasure which we receive from really polished oratory; every point is made to tell; if the emphasis is too often pointed by some showy antithesis, we are at least never uncertain as to the meaning; and if the versification is often monotonous, it is articulate and easily caught at first sight. These are the essential merits of good declamation, and it is in the true declamatory passages that Pope is at his best. The speeches of his heroes are often admirable, full of spirit, well balanced, and skillfully arranged pieces of rhetoric—not a mere inorganic series of observations. . . . Pope, as it seems to me, rises to a level of sustained eloquence when he has to act as interpreter for the direct expression of broad, magnanimous sentiment. Classical critics may explain by what shades of feeling the aristocratic grandeur of soul of an English noble differed from the analogous quality in heroic Greece, and find the differ-

ence reflected in the 'grand style' of Pope as compared with that of Homer. But Pope could at least assume with admirable readiness the lofty air of superiority to personal fears, and patriotic devotion to a great cause, which is common to the type in every age. His tendency to didactic platitudes is at least out of place in such cases, and his dread of vulgarity and quaintness, with his genuine feeling for breadth of effect, frequently enables him to be really dignified and impressive."

The Globe Edition of Pope's works, edited by Mr. A. W. Ward, has a valuable introduction in which Pope's translation is spoken of thus: "Pope's fame as a translator was ranked by Addison on a level with that of Dryden, but even Addison can in this case be hardly admitted as a competent judge. If the art of translation consists not in carrying into an author the characteristics of the translator and his age, but in reproducing at all events the leading characteristics of that author himself, Pope's Homer must be accounted a failure. It is a noble achievement as an English poem: but it resembles those efforts in landscape-gardening which require to be surveyed from particular points of view, unless their artificiality is to betray itself at once. Pope has not caught—he could not catch—the manner of Homer. Had he succeeded in this, he might be forgiven a thousand inaccuracies more glaring than those which he has actually committed. A scholar's hand might make Dryden's Juvenal Juvenal; but to be made Homer, Pope's translations need not to be revised, but recast. This is not a mere question of meter. Garrick wore a wig in *Macbeth*, but he moved the passions of his audience by the spirit of Shakespeare. Pope had not caught that Homeric spirit which has communicated itself to at least one later translator, even when imprisoned by his own willfulness in the machinery of a modern stanza."

Lastly, James Russell Lowell gives an estimate of Pope: "His more ambitious works may be defined as careless thinking carefully versified. Lessing was one of the first to see this, and accordingly he tells us that 'his great, I will not say greatest, merit lay in what we call the mechanic of poetry.' Lessing, with his usual

insight, parenthetically qualifies his statement ; for where Pope, as in *The Rape of the Lock*, found a subject exactly level with his genius, he was able to make what, taken for all in all, is the most perfect poem in the language. . . A great deal must be allowed to Pope for the age in which he lived, and not a little, I think, for the influence of Swift. In his own province he still stands unapproachably alone. If to be the greatest satirist of individual men, rather than of human nature, if to be the highest expression which the life of the court and the ballroom has ever found in verse, if to have added more phrases to our language than any other but Shakespeare, if to have charmed four generations make a man a great poet—then he is one. He was the chief founder of an artificial style of writing, which in his hands was living and powerful, because he used it to express artificial modes of thinking and an artificial state of society. Measured by any high standard of imagination, he will be found wanting ; tried by any test of wit, he is unrivaled.”

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE OF LITERARY EVENTS DURING POPE'S LIFE.

- 1667. Swift born.
- 1672. Steele born.
- 1672. Addison born.
- 1674. Milton died.
- 1688. Gay born.
- 1688. **Pope** born.
- 1688. Bunyan died.
- 1690. Locke's *Essay Concerning Human Understanding*.
- 1694. Voltaire born.
- 1699. Racine died.
- 1700. Thomson born.
- 1700. Dryden died.

1700. Fenelon's *Télémaque*.
 1703. John Wesley born.
 1704. Locke died.
 1704. Addison's *Campaign*.
 1704. Swift's *Tale of a Tub* and *Battle of the Books*.
 1707. Fielding born.
 1709. Johnson born.
 1709. **Pope's** *Pastorals*.
 1709 }
 to } *The Tatler*.
 1711. }
 1710. Berkeley's *Principles of Human Knowledge*.
 1711. **Pope's** *Essay on Criticism*.
 1711. }
 1712. } *The Spectator*.
 and }
 1714. }
 1711. Hume born.
 1712. **Pope's** *Rape of the Lock*.
 1712. Rousseau born.
 1713. Addison's *Cato*.
 1713. Sterne born.
 1714. Mandeville's *Fable of the Bees*.
 1715. Gay's *Trivia*.
 1715 }
 to } **Pope's** *Translation of Homer's Iliad*.
 1720. }
 1715. Wycherley died.
 1718. Prior's *Poems on Several Occasions* (folio).
 1719. }
 1720. } Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe* (first part).
 1719. Addison died.
 1721. Prior died.
 1721. Smollett born.

- 1723 }
 to } **Pope's *Translation of Homer's Odyssey.***
 1725. }
1724. Swift's *Drapier's Letters.*
 1724. Kant born.
 1724. Klopstock born.
- 1725 }
 to } **Thomson's *Seasons.***
 1730. }
1725. Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd.*
 1725. Young's *Universal Passion.*
 1726. Swift's *Gulliver's Travels.*
 1727. Gay's *Fables.*
 1728. **Pope's *Dunciad.***
 1728. Gay's *Beggar's Opera.*
 1728. Goldsmith born.
 1729. Law's *Serious Call.*
 1729. Burke born.
 1729. Lessing born.
 1729. Steele died.
 1731. Defoe died.
 1731. Cowper born.
- 1732 }
 to } **Pope's *Moral Essays.***
 1735. }
- 1732 }
 to } **Pope's *Essay on Man.***
 1734. }
1732. Gay died.
- 1733 }
 to } **Pope's *Imitations of Horace.***
 1737. }
1735. **Pope's *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot.***
 1736. Butler's *Analogy of Religion.*
 1737. Gibbon born.
 1738. Hume's *Treatise of Human Nature.*

1740. Cibber's *Apology for his Life*.
 1740. Richardson's *Pamela*.
 1742. Fielding's *Joseph Andrews*.
 1742. **Pope's** *Dunciad* (fourth book added).
 1742. Young's *Night Thoughts*.
 1743. Blair's *Grave*.
 1744. Akenside's *Pleasures of Imagination*.
 1744. **Pope** died.
 1745. Swift died.
 1748. Thomson died.
 1748. Hume's *Inquiry Concerning Human Understanding*.
 1748. Richardson's *Clarissa Harlowe*.
 1748. Smollett's *Roderick Random*.
 1749. Goethe born.
 1749. Fielding's *Tom Jones*.

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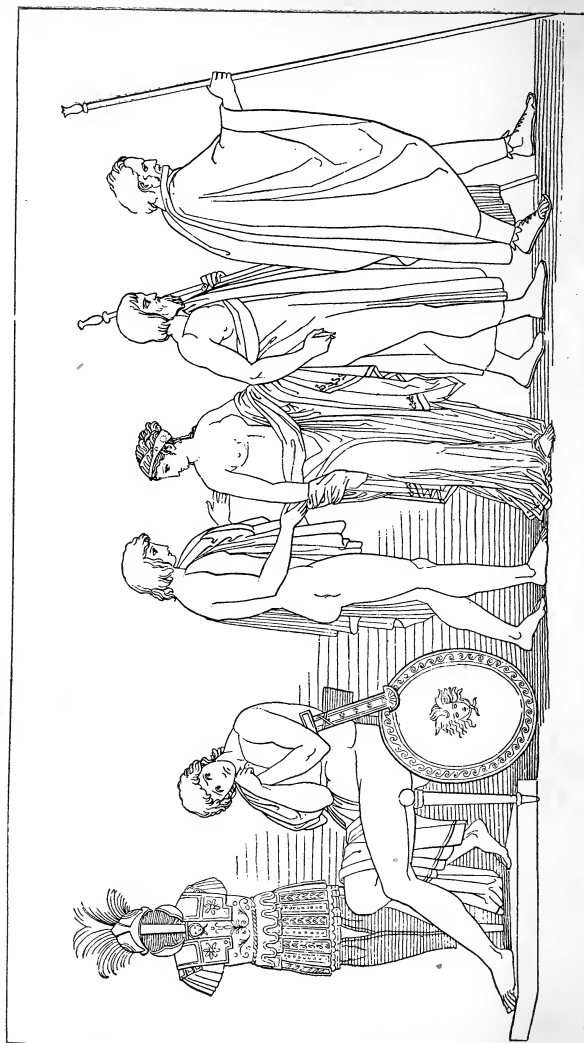
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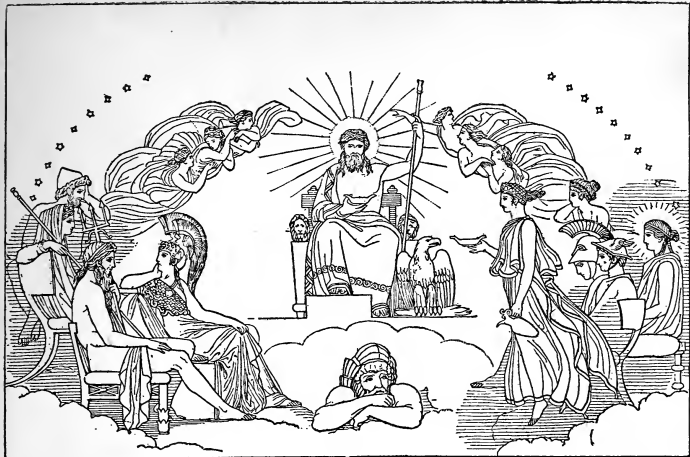
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Besides the above any standard works on Greek history and art will be helpful.



THE DEPARTURE OF BRISEIS FROM THE TENT OF ACHILLES



THE GODS IN COUNCIL

THE ILIAD

BOOK I

THE ARGUMENT

THE CONTENTION OF ACHILLES AND AGAMEMNON

In the war of Troy, the Greeks having sacked some of the neighboring towns, and taken from thence two beautiful captives, Chryseïs and Briseïs, allotted the first to Agamemnon, and the last to Achilles. Chryses, the father of Chryseïs, and priest of Apollo, comes to the Grecian camp to ransom her ; with which the action of the poem opens in the tenth year of the siege. The priest being refused and insolently dismissed by Agamemnon, entreats for vengeance from his god, who inflicts a pestilence on the Greeks. Achilles calls a council, and encourages Chalcas to declare the cause of it, who attributes it to the refusal of Chryseïs. The king being obliged to send back his captive, enters into a

The king of men his rev'rend priest defied,
And for the king's offense the people died.

For Chryses sought with costly gifts to gain 15
His captive daughter from the victor's chain.

Suppliant the venerable father stands;
Apollo's awful ensigns grace his hands:
By these he begs; and, lowly bending down,
Extends the scepter and the laurel crown. 20

He sued to all, but chief implor'd for grace
The brother-kings of Atreus' royal race:

"Ye kings and warriors! may your vows be crown'd,
And Troy's proud walls lie level with the ground;
May Jove restore you, when your toils are o'er, 25
Safe to the pleasures of your native shore.

But oh! relieve a wretched parent's pain,
And give Chryseis to these arms again;
If mercy fail, yet let my presents move,
And dread avenging Phœbus, son of Jove." 30

The Greeks in shouts their joint assent declare,
The priest to rev'rence and release the fair.

Not so Atrides: he, with kingly pride,
Repuls'd the sacred sire, and thus replied:

"Hence on thy life, and fly these hostile plains, 35
Nor ask, presumptuous, what the king detains;
Hence, with thy laurel crown and golden rod,
Nor trust too far those ensigns of thy god.

13. king of men, Agamemnon.

18. awful ensigns=signs of awe. The priest's fillet of wool fastened to the end of the staff held in the hands showed that Chryses came as a suppliant. This fillet was worn about the brow as a badge of the priest's sacred office.

22. brother-kings, Agamemnon and Menelaus.

23. vows be crown'd. The Greek leaders had besieged Troy for over nine years, with the object of restoring Helen (who had been carried off by Paris, son of Priam) to her former husband, Menelaus.

33. Atrides, son of Atreus; i. e. Agamemnon,

Mine is thy daughter, priest, and shall remain;
 And prayers, and tears, and bribes, shall plead in vain;
 Till time shall rifle every youthful grace, 41
 And age dismiss her from my cold embrace;
 In daily labors of the loom employ'd,
 Or doom'd to deck the bed she once enjoy'd.
 Hence then! to Argos shall the maid retire, 45
 Far from her native soil and weeping sire."

The trembling priest along the shore return'd,
 And in the anguish of a father mourn'd.
 Disconsolate, not daring to complain,
 Silent he wander'd by the sounding main: 50
 Till, safe at distance, to his god he prays,
 The god who darts around the world his rays:

"O Smintheus! sprung from fair Latona's line,
 Thou guardian power of Cilla the divine,
 Thou source of light! whom Tenedos adores, 55
 And whose bright presence gilds thy Chrysa's shores:
 If e'er with wreaths I hung thy sacred fane,
 Or fed the flames with fat of oxen slain;
 God of the silver bow! thy shafts employ,
 Avenge thy servant, and the Greeks destroy." 60

Thus Chryses pray'd: the fav'ring power attends,
 And from Olympus' lofty tops descends.
 Bent was his bow, the Grecian hearts to wound;
 Fierce, as he mov'd, his silver shafts resound.

53. Smintheus, lord of the mice; or the word may be derived from Sminthe, a town in the Troad. There has been much discussion as to the meaning of the name. A probable explanation is, that in eastern countries the mouse was often taken as a personification of disease and plague. Herodotus relates that the army of Sennacherib was destroyed not by a plague, but through the agency of an army of field-mice which gnawed the Assyrian bow-strings in the night. In 1 Samuel vi. 4, golden mice are offered as a propitiation by the Philistines when visited by a plague.

57. fane=temple.

59. Sudden deaths were attributed to the noiseless arrows of Apollo.

63-70. A very beautiful passage, which loses much of its force in translation. Thus lines 65, 66, fail to give the meaning of Homer, that Apollo "descended

Breathing revenge, a sudden night he spread,
 And gloomy darkness roll'd around his head.
 The fleet in view, he twang'd his deadly bow,
 And hissing fly the feather'd fates below.
 On mules and dogs th' infection first began;
 And last the vengeful arrows fix'd in man. 70
 For nine long nights through all the dusky air
 The pyres thick-flaming shot a dismal glare.
 But ere the tenth revolving day was run,
 Inspir'd by Juno, Thetis' god-like son
 Conven'd to council all the Grecian train; 75
 For much the goddess mourn'd her heroes slain.
 Th' assembly seated, rising o'er the rest,
 Achilles thus the king of men address'd:
 "Why leave we not the fatal Trojan shore,
 And measure back the seas we cross'd before? 80
 The plague destroying whom the sword would spare,
 'Tis time to save the few remains of war.
 But let some prophet or some sacred sage
 Explore the cause of great Apollo's rage;
 Or learn the wasteful vengeance to remove 85
 By mystic dreams, for dreams descend from Jove.
 If broken vows this heavy curse have laid,
 Let altars smoke and hecatombs be paid.

like to night" in stealthily dealing death among the Greeks. Literally "Apollo heard him, and came down from the peaks of Olympus wroth at heart, bearing on his shoulders his bow and curved quiver, and the arrows clanged upon his shoulders in his wrath, as the god moved; and he descended like to night," etc.

72. pyres, funeral piles, on which the bodies of the dead were burned.

74. Thetis' godlike son, Achilles.

76. Paris, son of Priam, had angered Juno and Minerva by giving the golden apple to Venus, as the fairest of the goddesses, and consequently they became bitter enemies of the Trojans.

82. remains of war=warriors whom the war has hitherto spared.

83. Probably Achilles has a shrewd suspicion as to the cause of Apollo's wrath.

88. hecatombs, properly a sacrifice of a hundred oxen, but often used in a less strict sense,

So heav'n aton'd shall dying Greece restore,
And Phœbus dart his burning shafts no more." 90

He said, and sat: when Chalcas thus replied,
Chalcas the wise, the Grecian priest and guide,
That sacred seer, whose comprehensive view
The past, the present, and the future knew:
Uprising slow, the venerable sage 95
Thus spoke the prudence and the fears of age:

"Belov'd of Jove, Achilles! wouldst thou know
Why angry Phœbus bends his fatal bow?
First give thy faith, and plight a prince's word
Of sure protection, by thy pow'r and sword. 100
For I must speak what wisdom would conceal,
And truths invidious to the great reveal.
Bold is the task, when subjects, grown too wise,
Instruct a monarch where his error lies;
For though we deem the short-liv'd fury past, 105
'Tis sure, the mighty will revenge at last."

To whom Pelides: "From thy inmost soul
Speak what thou know'st, and speak without control.
Ev'n by that god I swear, who rules the day,
To whom thy hands the vows of Greece convey, 110
And whose blest oracles thy lips declare:
Long as Achilles breathes this vital air,
No daring Greek, of all the num'rous band,
Against his priest shall lift an impious hand:
Not ev'n the chief by whom our hosts are led, 115
The king of kings, shall touch that sacred head."

102. Calchas at once gives a proof that he knows the future, by predicting the anger of Agamemnon at his words.

107. Pelides, Achilles, son of Peleus.

109. that god . . . who rules the day, Apollo.

115. This shows us the character of Achilles: haughty, confident in his own strength and powers, he anticipates and defies the opposition of even the king of men himself.

Encourag'd thus, the blameless man replies:
 "Nor vows unpaid, nor slighted sacrifice,
 But he, our chief, provok'd the raging pest,
 Apollo's vengeance for his injur'd priest. 120
 Nor will the god's awaken'd fury cease,
 But plagues shall spread, and fun'ral fires increase,
 Till the great king, without a ransom paid,
 To her own Chrysa send the black-ey'd maid.
 Perhaps, with added sacrifice and pray'r, 125
 The priest may pardon, and the god may spare."

The prophet spoke; when, with a gloomy frown,
 The monarch started from his shining throne;
 Black choler fill'd his breast that boil'd with ire,
 And from his eyeballs flash'd the living fire. 130

"Augur accurs'd! denouncing mischief still,
 Prophet of plagues, for every boding ill!
 Still must that tongue some wounding message
 bring,

And still thy priestly pride provoke thy king?
 For this are Phœbus' oracles explor'd, 135
 To teach the Greeks to murmur at their lord?
 For this with falsehoods is my honor stain'd,

Is heaven offended and a priest profan'd,
 Because my prize, my beauteous maid, I hold,
 And heav'nly charms prefer to proffer'd gold? 140

A maid, unmatch'd in manners as in face,
 Skill'd in each art, and crown'd with every grace:
 Not half so dear were Clytæmnestra's charms,
 When first her blooming beauties bless'd my arms.

124. black-eyed, rather flashing-eyed, or bright-eyed.

129. choler, anger.

131. still, constantly.

135. Phœbus, Apollo.

143. Clytæmnestra, wife of Agamemnon.

Yet, if the gods demand her, let her sail; 145
 Our cares are only for the public weal:
 Let me be deem'd the hateful cause of all,
 And suffer, rather than my people fall.
 The prize, the beauteous prize, I will resign,
 So dearly valued, and so justly mine. 150
 But since for common good I yield the fair,
 My private loss let grateful Greece repair;
 Nor unrewarded let your prince complain,
 That he alone has fought and bled in vain."

"Insatiate king!" (Achilles thus replies) 155
 "Fond of the pow'r, but fonder of the prize!
 Wouldst thou the Greeks their lawful prey should yield,
 The due reward of many a well-fought field?
 The spoils of cities raz'd and warriors slain,
 We share with justice, as with toil we gain: 160
 But to resume whate'er thy av'rice craves
 (That trick of tyrants) may be borne by slaves.
 Yet if our chief for plunder only fight,
 The spoils of Ilion shall thy loss requite,
 Whene'er, by Jove's decree, our conqu'ring pow'rs 165
 Shall humble to the dust her lofty tow'rs."

Then thus the king: "Shall I my prize resign
 With tame content, and thou possess'd of thine?
 Great as thou art, and like a god in fight,
 Think not to rob me of a soldier's right. 170
 At thy demand shall I restore the maid?
 First let the just equivalent be paid;
 Such as a king might ask; and let it be
 A treasure worthy her and worthy me.

145. Agamemnon gives way to the interest of his people, though with a very ill grace.

162-163. This is not in the original.

Or grant me this, or with a monarch's claim 175
This hand shall seize some other captive dame.
The mighty Ajax shall his prize resign,
Ulysses' spoils, or ev'n thy own, be mine.
The man who suffers, loudly may complain;
And rage he may, but he shall rage in vain. 180
But this when time requires—it now remains
We launch a bark to plow the wat'ry plains,
And waft the sacrifice to Chrysa's shores,
With chosen pilots and with lab'ring oars.
Soon shall the fair the sable ship ascend, 185
And some deputed prince the charge attend;
This Creta's king or Ajax shall fulfill,
Or wise Ulysses see perform'd our will;
Or, if our royal pleasure shall ordain,
Achilles' self conduct her o'er the main; 190
Let fierce Achilles, dreadful in his rage,
The god propitiate and the pest assuage."
At this, Pelides, frowning stern, replied:
"O tyrant, arm'd with insolence and pride!
Inglorious slave to int'rest, ever join'd 195
With fraud, unworthy of a royal mind!
What gen'rous Greek, obedient to thy word,
Shall form an ambush or shall lift the sword?
What cause have I to war at thy decree?
The distant Trojans never injur'd me: 200
To Phthia's realms no hostile troops they led;
Safe in her vales my warlike coursers fed;

187. Creta's king, Idomeneus.

194. O tyrant, etc. The following passage has been much admired as an example of skilled invective, a variety of composition in which Pope excelled.

201. Phthia. The most important city of Thessaly, the country over which Peleus, the father of Achilles, ruled.

Far hence remov'd, the hoarse-resounding main
 And walls of rocks secure my native reign,
 Whose fruitful soil luxuriant harvests grace, 205
 Rich in her fruits and in her martial race.
 Hither we sail'd, a voluntary throng,
 T' avenge a private, not a public wrong:
 What else to Troy th' assembl'd nations draws,
 But thine, ungrateful, and thy brother's cause? 210
 Is this the pay our blood and toils deserve,
 Disgrac'd and injur'd by the man we serve?
 And dar'st thou threat to snatch my prize away,
 Due to the deeds of many a dreadful day;
 A prize as small, O tyrant! matched with thine, 215
 As thy own actions if compared to mine!
 Thine in each conquest is the wealthy prey,
 Though mine the sweat and danger of the day.
 Some trivial present to my ships I bear,
 Or barren praises pay the wounds of war. 220
 But know, proud monarch, I'm thy slave no more;
 My fleet shall waft me to Thessalia's shore.
 Left by Achilles on the Trojan plain,
 What spoils, what conquests, shall Atrides gain? "
 To this the king: " Fly, mighty warrior, fly! 225
 Thy aid we need not and thy threats defy.
 There want not chiefs in such a cause to fight,
 And Jove himself shall guard a monarch's right.
 Of all the kings (the gods' distinguish'd care)
 To pow'r superior none such hatred bear: 230
 Strife and debate thy restless soul employ,
 And wars and horrors are thy savage joy.

223-224. Pope here strays widely from the original: "Nor do I intend to stay here dishonored, to drain riches and honor for you from others."

228. Jove was the especial guardian of kings.

If thou hast strength, 'twas Heav'n that strength bestow'd,

For know, vain man! thy valor is from God.

Haste, launch thy vessels, fly with speed away, 235

Rule thy own realms with arbitrary sway:

I heed thee not, but prize at equal rate

Thy short-liv'd friendship and thy groundless hate.

Go, threat thy earth-born Myrmidons; but here

'Tis mine to threaten, prince, and thine to fear. 240

Know, if the god the beauteous dame demand,

My bark shall waft her to her native land;

But then prepare, imperious prince! prepare,

Fierce as thou art, to yield thy captive fair:

Ev'n in thy tent I'll seize the blooming prize, 245

Thy lov'd Briseïs with the radiant eyes.

Hence shalt thou prove my might, and curse the hour

Thou stood'st a rival of imperial pow'r;

And hence to all our host it shall be known

That kings are subject to the gods alone." 250

Achilles heard, with grief and rage oppress'd

His heart swell'd high and labor'd in his breast.

Distracting thoughts by turns his bosom rul'd,

Now fir'd by wrath, and now by reason cool'd:

That prompts his hand to draw the deadly sword, 255

Force through the Greeks, and pierce their haughty
lord;

233. Agamemnon means that Achilles, though the strongest man in the host, was not the bravest.

239. The wide-ruling Agamemnon despises the scanty dominions of Achilles. The Myrmidons lived in Phthiotis, in Thessaly, and were said to have migrated from Ægina.

241. Agamemnon is too proud to admit that he is influenced by Calchas and the Greeks. He attributes his loss of Chryseïs to the direct demand of Apollo.

255. That prompts. Wrath prompts him to draw the sword, reason whispers softly to control his anger.

This whispers soft, his vengeance to control,
 And calm the rising tempest of his soul.
 Just as in anguish of suspense he stay'd,
 While half unsheath'd appear'd the glitt'ring blade, 260
 Minerva swift descended from above,
 Sent by the sister and the wife of Jove
 (For both the princes claimed her equal care);
 Behind she stood, and by the golden hair
 Achilles seiz'd; to him alone confess'd, 265
 A sable cloud conceal'd her from the rest.
 He sees, and sudden to the goddess cries,
 Known by the flames that sparkle from her eyes:

“Descends Minerva in her guardian care,
 A heav'nly witness of the wrongs I bear 270
 From Atreus' son? Then let those eyes that view
 The daring crime, behold the vengeance too.”

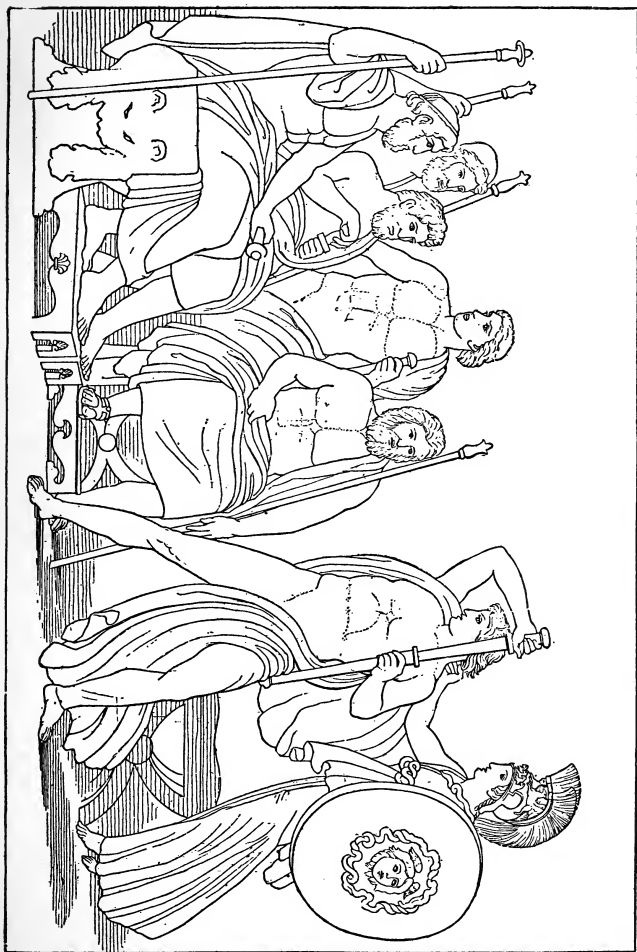
“Forbear!” (the progeny of Jove replies)
 “To calm thy fury I forsake the skies:
 Let great Achilles, to the gods resign'd, 275
 To reason yield the empire o'er his mind.
 By awful Juno this command is giv'n;
 The king and you are both the care of heav'n.
 The force of keen reproaches let him feel,
 But sheath, obedient, thy revenging steel. 280
 For I pronounce (and trust a heav'nly pow'r)
 Thy injur'd honor has its fated hour,
 When the proud monarch shall thy arms implore,
 And bribe thy friendship with a boundless store.

261. Minerva here represents the wiser part of Achilles' nature—his reason, as opposed to his wrath.

263. Juno was especially the goddess of the Argives, and Argos included Phthiotis in its territory. She was therefore unwilling to see a conflict between Agamemnon and Achilles.

279. Minerva does not urge Achilles to reproach the king; she merely allows him to do so.

MINERVA REPRESSING THE FURY OF ACHILLES



Then let revenge no longer bear the sway, 285
 Command thy passions, and the gods obey."

To her Pelides: "With regardful ear,
 'Tis just, O goddess! I thy dictates hear.
 Hard as it is, my vengeance I suppress:
 Those who revere the gods, the gods will bless." 290
 He said, observant of the blue-ey'd maid;
 Then in the sheath return'd the shining blade.
 The goddess swift to high Olympus flies,
 And joins the sacred senate of the skies.

Nor yet the rage his boiling breast forsook, 295
 Which thus redoubling on Atrides broke:
 "O monster! mix'd of insolence and fear,
 Thou dog in forehead, but in heart a deer!
 When wert thou known in ambush'd fights to dare,
 Or nobly face the horrid front of war? 300
 'Tis ours the chance of fighting fields to try;
 Thine to look on and bid the valiant die.
 So much 'tis safer through the camp to go,
 And rob a subject, than despoil a foe.
 Scourge of thy people, violent and base! 305
 Sent in Jove's anger on a slavish race,
 Who, lost to sense of gen'rous freedom past,
 Are tam'd to wrongs, or this had been thy last.
 Now by this sacred scepter hear me swear,
 Which never more shall leaves or blossoms bear, 310
 Which, sever'd from the trunk (as I from thee)
 On the bare mountains left its parent tree;

293. The goddess . . . flies. Pope misses the force of the pluperfect tense. "She had already gone," vanished, before Achilles could say more.

298. dog. Except in the case of Ulysses' hound in the Odyssey, Homer invariably speaks contemptuously of dogs.

299. ambush'd fights. The greatest test of the warrior's military training.

309. sacred scepter, which each speaker received in turn from the heralds to show that he "held the floor."

This scepter, form'd by temper'd steel to prove
 An ensign of the delegates of Jove,
 From whom the pow'r of laws and justice springs 315
 (Tremendous oath! inviolate to kings):
 By this I swear, when bleeding Greece again
 Shall call Achilles, she shall call in vain.
 When, flush'd with slaughter, Hector comes to spread
 The purpled shore with mountains of the dead, 320
 Then shalt thou mourn th' affront thy madness gave,
 Forc'd to deplore, when impotent to save:
 Then rage in bitterness of soul, to know
 This act has made the bravest Greek thy foe."

He spoke; and furious hurl'd against the ground 325
 His scepter starr'd with golden studs around;
 Then sternly silent sat. With like disdain,
 The raging king return'd his frowns again.

To calm their passions with the words of age,
 Slow from his seat arose the Pylian sage, 330
 Experienc'd Nestor, in persuasion skill'd;
 Words sweet as honey from his lips distill'd:
 Two generations now had pass'd away,
 Wise by his rules and happy by his sway;
 Two ages o'er his native realm he reigned, 335
 And now th' example of the third remain'd.
 All view'd with awe the venerable man,
 Who thus with mild benevolence began:
 "What shame, what woe is this to Greece! what joy
 To Troy's proud monarch and the friends of Troy! 340
 That adverse gods commit to stern debate
 The best, the bravest of the Grecian state.

319-320. The literal translation is "when multitudes fall dying before man-slaying Hector." A good example of the way in which Pope smooths and weakens Homer's rugged virility.

330. Pylian. Nestor came from Pylos in the Peloponnesus.

Young as ye are, this youthful heat restrain,
Nor think your Nestor's years and wisdom vain.
A godlike race of heroes once I knew, 345
Such as no more these aged eyes shall view!
Lives there a chief to match Pirithous' fame,
Dryas the bold, or Ceneus' deathless name;
Theseus, endued with more than mortal might,
Or Polyphemus, like the gods in fight? 350
With these of old to toils of battle bred,
In early youth my hardy days I led,
Fir'd with the thirst which virtuous envy breeds,
And smit with love of honorable deeds.
Strongest of men, they pierc'd the mountain
boar, 355
Rang'd the wild deserts red with monsters' gore,
And from their hills the shaggy Centaurs tore.
Yet these with soft persuasive arts I sway'd;
When Nestor spoke, they listen'd and obey'd.
If in my youth, ev'n these esteem'd me wise, 360
Do you, young warriors, hear my age advise.
Atrides, seize not on the beauteous slave;
That prize the Greeks by common suffrage gave:
Nor thou, Achilles, treat our prince with pride;
Let kings be just, and sov'reign pow'r preside. 365
Thee the first honors of the war adorn,
Like gods in strength and of a goddess born;
Him awful majesty exalts above
The pow'rs of earth and scepter'd sons of Jove.

347. **Pirithous**, the king of the Lapithæ in ancient Greek legend. At his marriage feast, a quarrel arose between the Lapithæ and the Centaurs and the latter were driven away. Dryas, Ceneus, and Polyphemus were companions of Pirithous. Theseus, the mythical hero of Athens, also assisted him. It is to be noticed that these Centaurs were not the half-men half-horses of later legend, but merely wild men,

Let both unite with well-consenting mind, 370
 So shall authority with strength be join'd.
 Leave me, O king! to calm Achilles' rage;
 Rule thou thyself, as more advanced in age.
 Forbid it, gods! Achilles should be lost,
 The pride of Greece and bulwark of our host." 375

This said, he ceas'd. The king of men replies:
 "Thy years are awful and thy words are wise.
 But that imperious, that unconquer'd soul,
 No laws can limit, no respect control:
 Before his pride must his superiors fall, 380
 His word the law, and he the lord of all?
 Him must our hosts, our chiefs, ourself obey?
 What king can bear a rival in his sway?
 Grant that the gods his matchless force have giv'n;
 Has foul reproach a privilege from heav'n?" 385

Here on the monarch's speech Achilles broke,
 And furious, thus, and interrupting, spoke:
 "Tyrant, I well deserv'd thy galling chain,
 To live thy slave, and still to serve in vain,
 Should I submit to each unjust decree: 390
 Command thy vassals, but command not me.
 Seize on Briseïs, whom the Grecians doom'd
 My prize of war, yet tamely see resum'd;
 And seize secure; no more Achilles draws
 His conqu'ring sword in any woman's cause. 395
 The gods command me to forgive the past;
 But let this first invasion be the last:
 For know, thy blood, when next thou dar'st invade,
 Shall stream in vengeance on my reeking blade."

371. *Joined.* Observe that in Pope's day this was pronounced "jined."

377. *Awful.* Thy years inspire awe.

At this they ceas'd; the stern debate expir'd: 400
The chiefs in sullen majesty retir'd.

Achilles with Patroclus took his way,
Where near his tents his hollow vessels lay.
Meantime Atrides launch'd with num'rous oars
A well-rigg'd ship for Chrysa's sacred shores: 405
High on the deck was fair Chryseïs plac'd,
And sage Ulysses with the conduct grac'd:
Safe in her sides the hecatomb they stow'd,
Then, swiftly sailing, cut the liquid road.

The host to expiate next the king prepares, 410
With pure lustrations and with solemn pray'rs.
Wash'd by the briny wave, the pious train
Are cleans'd; and cast th' ablutions in the main,
Along the shores whole hecatombs were laid,
And bulls and goats to Phœbus' altars paid. 415
The sable fumes in curling spires arise,
And waft their grateful odors to the skies.

The army thus in sacred rites engag'd,
Atrides still with deep resentment rag'd.
To wait his will two sacred heralds stood, 420
Talthybius and Eurybates the good.
"Haste to the fierce Achilles' tent" (he cries);
"Thence bear Briseïs as our royal prize:
Submit he must; or, if they will not part,
Ourselves in arms shall tear her from his heart." 425

411. *pure lustrations* = purifying ablutions. Lustration is connected with a Greek verb meaning to wash, as is also the word ablution. This outward act of cleansing was to purify the host from the sin of detaining Chryseïs against the will of Apollo.

425. Agamemnon carries out his haughty threat of seizing Briseïs. The inevitable punishment for this is his humiliation in Book IX., where he is induced to send an embassy to Achilles. Meanwhile the Greeks are suffering for the folly of their king. Not till Book XIX. are the chiefs reconciled.

Th' unwilling heralds act their lord's commands;
Pensive they walk along the barren sands:
Arriv'd, the hero in his tent they find,
With gloomy aspect, on his arm reclin'd.
At awful distance long they silent stand, 430
Loath to advance or speak their hard command;
Decent confusion! This the godlike man
Perceiv'd, and thus with accent mild began:
"With leave and honor enter our abodes,
Ye sacred ministers of men and gods! 435
I know your message; by constraint you came;
Not you, but your imperious lord, I blame.
Patroclus, haste, the fair Briseïs bring;
Conduct my captive to the haughty king.
But witness, heralds, and proclaim my vow, 440
Witness to gods above and men below!
But first and loudest to your prince declare,
That lawless tyrant whose commands you bear;
Unmov'd as death Achilles shall remain,
Though prostrate Greece should bleed at ev'ry vein:
The raging chief in frantic passion lost, 446
Blind to himself and useless to his host,
Unskill'd to judge the future by the past,
In blood and slaughter shall repent at last."
Patroclus now th' unwilling beauty brought; 450
She, in soft sorrows and in pensive thought,
Pass'd silent, as the heralds held her hand,
And oft look'd back, slow-moving o'er the strand.

430. At awful distance = distance that expressed their awe. They stood afar off, from respect for Achilles, and dislike of their errand.

432. Decent confusion, with becoming hesitation.

434. We see here the better side of the character of Achilles; he courteously greets the heralds, though more than suspecting their object in coming.

435. The persons of heralds were held sacred.

Not so his loss the fierce Achilles bore;
 But sad retiring to the sounding shore, 455
 O'er the wild margin of the deep he hung,
 That kindred deep from whence his mother sprung;
 There, bath'd in tears of anger and disdain,
 Thus loud lamented to the stormy main:

“ O parent goddess! since in early bloom 460
 Thy son must fall, by too severe a doom;
 Sure, to so short a race of glory born,
 Great Jove in justice should this span adorn.
 Honor and fame at least the Thund'rer owed,
 And ill he pays the promise of a god, 465
 If yon proud monarch thus thy son defies,
 Obscures my glories, and resumes my prize.”

Far in the deep recesses of the main,
 Where aged Ocean holds his wat'ry reign,
 The goddess-mother heard. The waves divide; 470
 And like a mist she rose above the tide;
 Beheld him mourning on the naked shores,
 And thus the sorrows of his soul explores:
 “ Why grieves my son? Thy anguish let me share;
 Reveal the cause, and trust a parent's care.” 475

He, deeply sighing, said: “ To tell my woe,
 Is but to mention what you too well know.
 From Thebè, sacred to Apollo's name
 (Eëtion's realm), our conqu'ring army came,
 With treasure loaded and triumphant spoils, 480
 Whose just division crown'd the soldier's toils;

461. Thetis had foretold that her son must either die early, in the midst of a glorious career, or live long and ingloriously; and choosing the former, he set out to the Trojan war.

462. Born as I am to perish so soon, surely it is but just that Jove should make my allotted span of life glorious.

471. Like a mist. The deities of the Greeks arose from the tendency to personify the powers of Nature. Lightning was hurled by Jove in his wrath; plagues and sudden deaths were the arrows of Apollo.

But bright Chryseïs, heav'nly prize! was led
 By vote selected to the gen'ral's bed.
 The priest of Phœbus sought by gifts to gain
 His beauteous daughter from the victor's chain; 485
 The fleet he reach'd, and, lowly bending down,
 Held forth the scepter and the laurel crown,
 Entreating all; but chief implor'd for grace
 The brother-kings of Atreus' royal race.
 The gen'rous Greeks their joint consent declare, 490
 The priest to rev'rence and release the fair.
 Not so Atrides: he, with wonted pride,
 The sire insulted, and his gifts denied:
 Th' insulted sire (his god's peculiar care)
 To Phœbus pray'd, and Phœbus heard the pray'r. 495
 A dreadful plague ensues; th' avenging darts
 Incessant fly, and pierce the Grecian hearts.
 A prophet then, inspir'd by heaven, arose,
 And points the crime, and thence derives the woes:
 Myself the first th' assembled chiefs incline 500
 T' avert the vengeance of the pow'r divine;
 Then, rising in his wrath, the monarch storm'd;
 Incens'd he threaten'd, and his threats perform'd.
 The fair Chryseïs to her sire was sent,
 With offer'd gifts to make the god relent; 505
 But now he seiz'd Briseïs' heav'nly charms,
 And of my valor's prize defrauds my arms,
 Defrauds the votes of all the Grecian train;
 And service, faith, and justice plead in vain.
 But, goddess! thou thy suppliant son attend, 510
 To high Olympus' shining court ascend,

499. *derives the woes*, shows that the plagues are owing to this crime, the detaining of Chryseïs.

508. *Defrauds the votes*. The Greeks had voted that Achilles should have Briseïs.

Urge all the ties to former service ow'd,
 And sue for vengeance to the thund'ring god.
 Oft hast thou triumph'd in the glorious boast
 That thou stood'st forth, of all th' ethereal host, 515
 When bold rebellion shook the realms above,
 Th' undaunted guard of cloud-compelling Jove.
 When the bright partner of his awful reign,
 The warlike maid, and monarch of the main,
 The traitor-gods, by mad ambition driv'n, 520
 Durst threat with chains th' omnipotence of heav'n,
 Then call'd by thee, the monster Titan came
 (Whom gods Briareus, men Ægeon name);
 Through wond'ring skies enormous stalk'd along,
 Not he that shakes the solid earth so strong: 525
 With giant-pride at Jove's high throne he stands,
 And brandish'd round him all his hundred hands.
 Th' affrighted gods confess'd their awful lord,
 They dropp'd the fetters, trembled, and ador'd.
 This, goddess, this to his rememb'rance call, 530
 Embrace his knees, at his tribunal fall;
 Conjure him far to drive the Grecian train,
 To hurl them headlong to their fleet and main,
 To heap the shores with copious death, and bring
 The Greeks to know the curse of such a king. 535

516. The Jupiter of the *Iliad*, besides the dangerous rebellion against his authority recounted by Achilles, has much ado to keep the turbulent gods and goddesses of Olympus in order; he holds the balance between hot partisans of the Greeks and Trojans.

518. the bright partner, Juno.

519. The warlike maid, Minerva.

the monarch of the main, Neptune.

528. confess'd their awful lord, showed that they acknowledged the majesty of Jove.

531. "Clasping the knees and touching the chin is the recognized attitude of the Greek suppliant. It is probably derived from the action of the wounded warrior who with the left arm clasps the knees of the victor to hamper his movement, and with the right hand turns aside his face so that he cannot aim the fatal blow till he has heard the appeal for mercy."—*Leaf*.

534. copious death, heap the shores with bodies of the slain.

Let Agamemnon lift his haughty head
 O'er all his wide dominion of the dead,
 And mourn in blood that e'er he durst disgrace
 The boldest warrior of the Grecian race."

"Unhappy son!" (fair Thetis thus replies, 540
 While tears celestial trickle from her eyes)

"Why have I borne thee with a mother's throes,
 To fates averse, and nurs'd for future woes?
 So short a space the light of heav'n to view!
 So short a space! and fill'd with sorrow too! 545

Oh might a parent's careful wish prevail,
 Far, far from Ilion should thy vessels sail,
 And thou, from camps remote, the danger shun,
 Which now, alas! too nearly threats my son:
 Yet (what I can) to move thy suit I'll go 550
 To great Olympus crown'd with fleecy snow.

Meantime, secure within thy ships, from far
 Behold the field, nor mingle in the war.
 The sire of gods and all th' ethereal train
 On the warm limits of the farthest main, 555

Now mix with mortals, nor disdain to grace
 The feasts of Æthiopia's blameless race:
 Twelve days the pow'rs indulge the genial rite,
 Returning with the twelfth revolving light.
 Then will I mount the brazen dome, and move 560
 The high tribunal of immortal Jove."

The goddess spoke: the rolling waves unclose;
 Then down the deep she plung'd, from whence she
 rose,

544. So short a space. This must refer to the coming death of Achilles from the arrow of Paris.

555. The ancients believed the world to be flat, and encircled by ocean. The Æthiopians were supposed to extend to the east and west limits of the earth.

And left him sorrowing on the lonely coast,
In wild resentment for the fair he lost. 565

In Chrysa's port now sage Ulysses rode;
Beneath the deck the destin'd victims stow'd;
The sails they furl'd, they lash'd the mast aside,
And dropp'd their anchors, and the pinnace tied.
Next on the shore their hecatomb they land, 570
Chryseïs last descending on the strand.

Her, thus returning from the furrow'd main,
Ulysses led to Phœbus' sacred fane;
Where at his solemn altar, as the maid
He gave to Chryses, thus the hero said: 575

"Hail, rev'rend priest! to Phœbus' awful dome
A suppliant I from great Atrides come:
Unransom'd here receive the spotless fair;
Accept the hecatomb the Greeks prepare;
And may thy god, who scatters darts around, 580
Aton'd by sacrifice, desist to wound."

At this the sire embrac'd the maid again,
So sadly lost, so lately sought in vain.
Then near the altar of the darting king,
Dispos'd in rank their hecatomb they bring: 585
With water purify their hands, and take
The sacred off'ring of the salted cake;

569 anchors. The Homeric anchor was a large stone placed on the shore to which the hawsers were made fast.

576. dome, used in the sense of building.

581. aton'd, propitiated.

586. The Homeric sacrificial rite was performed as follows: The officiating priest first washed his hands in consecrated water, then salted barley was sprinkled on the victim's head and a lock of hair cut from the forehead and burned. After this the animal's throat was cut while the head was turned up and back (in case of sacrifice to a deity of the lower world the head was held downward). The thighs were then cut out, covered with a double layer of fat and pieces of meat, and the whole burned while libations of wine were poured on. The savor of the burnt flesh was supposed to rise to Olympus and give pleasure to the gods.

While thus with arms devoutly rais'd in air
And solemn voice, the priest directs his pray'r:
 "God of the silver bow, thy ear incline, 590
Whose pow'r encircles Cilla the divine;
Whose sacred eye thy Tenedos surveys,
And gilds fair Chrysa with distinguish'd rays!
If, fir'd to vengeance at thy priest's request,
Thy direful darts inflict the raging pest; 595
Once more attend! avert the wasteful woe,
And smile propitious, and unbend thy bow."
 So Chryses pray'd: Apollo heard his pray'r;
And now the Greeks their hecatomb prepare;
Between their horns the salted barley threw, 600
And with their heads to heav'n the victims slew:
The limbs they sever from th' inclosing hide;
The thighs, selected to the gods, divide:
On these, in double cauls involv'd with art,
The choicest morsels lay from ev'ry part. 605
The priest himself before his altar stands,
And burns the off'ring with his holy hands,
Pours the black wine, and sees the flames aspire;
The youths with instruments surround the fire.
The thighs thus sacrific'd and entrails dress'd, 610
Th' assistants part, transfix, and roast the rest:
Then spread the tables, the repast prepare,
Each takes his seat, and each receives his share.
When now the rage of hunger was repress'd,
With pure libations they conclude the feast; 615
The youths with wine the copious goblets crown'd,
And, pleas'd, dispense the flowing bowls around.

608. black, dark colored.

609. instruments, five pronged forks which were used to prevent the escape of any part of the offering from the fire.

616. crown'd, filled to the brim.

With hymns divine the joyous banquet ends,
 The pæans lengthen'd till the sun descends:
 The Greeks, restor'd, the grateful notes prolong: 620
 Apollo listens, and approves the song.

'Twas night; the chiefs beside their vessel lie,
 Till rosy morn had purpled o'er the sky:
 Then launch, and hoist the mast; indulgent gales,
 Supplied by Phœbus, fill the swelling sails; 625
 The milk-white canvas bellying as they blow,
 The parted ocean foams and roars below:
 Above the bounding billows swift they flew,
 Till now the Grecian camp appear'd in view.
 Far on the beach they haul their barks to land 630
 (The crooked keel divides the yellow sand),
 Then part, where, stretch'd along the winding bay,
 The ships and tents in mingled prospect lay.

But, raging still, amidst his navy sate
 The stern Achilles, steadfast in his hate: 635
 Nor mix'd in combat nor in council join'd;
 But wasting cares lay heavy on his mind;
 In his black thoughts revenge and slaughter roll,
 And scenes of blood rise dreadful in his soul.

Twelve days were past, and now the dawning
 light 640
 The gods had summon'd to th' Olympian height:
 Jove, first ascending from the wat'ry bow'rs,
 Leads the long order of ethereal pow'rs,

622. Note the superior effectiveness of the "noble simplicity" of the original: "So all day long worshiped they the god with music, singing the beautiful pæan, the sons of the Achæians making music to the Far-darter; and his heart was glad to hear. And when the sun went down and darkness came on them, they laid them to sleep beside the ship's hawsers; and when rosy-fingered Dawn appeared, the child of morning, then set they sail for the wide camp of the Achæians."

630. Observe that the Homeric "ships" are so small that they can be drawn up on the shore.

When, like the morning mist, in early day,
 Rose from the flood the daughter of the sea; 645
 And to the seats divine her flight address'd.
 There, far apart, and high above the rest,
 The Thund'rer sate; where old Olympus shrouds
 His hundred heads in heav'n, and props the clouds.
 Suppliant the goddess stood: one hand she plac'd 650
 Beneath his beard, and one his knees embrac'd.
 "If e'er, O father of the gods!" she said,
 "My words could please thee or my actions aid;
 Some marks of honor on my son bestow,
 And pay in glory what in life you owe. 655
 Fame is at least by heav'nly promise due
 To life so short, and now dishonor'd too.
 Avenge this wrong, O ever just and wise!
 Let Greece be humbled and the Trojans rise;
 Till the proud king and all th' Achaian race 660
 Shall heap with honors him they now disgrace."

Thus Thetis spoke, but Jove in silence held
 The sacred councils of his breast conceal'd.
 Not so repuls'd, the goddess closer press'd,
 Still grasp'd his knees, and urg'd the dear request: 665
 "O sire of gods and men! thy suppliant hear;
 Refuse or grant; for what has Jove to fear?
 Or, oh! declare, of all the pow'rs above,
 Is wretched Thetis least the care of Jove?"

She said, and sighing thus the god replies 670
 Who rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted skies:

"What hast thou ask'd? Ah! why should Jove
 engage
 In foreign contests and domestic rage,

655. Requite him with glory for the life you are taking from him.

662. in silence, because Jove felt that he ought to be neutral between the Greeks and Trojans.

The gods' complaints, and Juno's fierce alarms,
 While I, too partial, aid the Trojan arms? 675
 Go, lest the haughty partner of my sway
 With jealous eyes thy close access survey;
 But part in peace, secure thy pray'r is sped:
 Witness the sacred honors of our head,
 The nod that ratifies the will divine, 680
 The faithful, fix'd, irrevocable sign;
 This seals thy suit, and this fulfills thy vows—"

He spoke; and awful bends his sable brows,
 Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod,
 The stamp of fate and sanction of the god: 685
 High heav'n with trembling the dread signal took,
 And all Olympus to the center shook.

Swift to the seas profound the goddess flies,
 Jove to his starry mansion in the skies.
 The shining synod of th' immortals wait 690
 The coming god, and from their thrones of state
 Arising silent, rapt in holy fear,
 Before the majesty of heav'n appear.
 Trembling they stand, while Jove assumes the
 throne,
 All but the god's imperious queen alone: 695

674. Jove fears that Juno has already seen him speaking with Thetis.

683. "This description of the majesty of Jupiter has something exceedingly grand and venerable. Macrobius reports that Phidias having made his Olympian Jupiter, which passed for one of the greatest miracles of art, was asked from what pattern he framed so divine a figure, and answered, it was from that archetype which he found in these lines."—*Pope*.

695. "The scene between Zeus and Hera is typical of the spirit in which Homer treats the deities of Olympia. It is, to say the least, not reverent, and far removed from any conception of primitive piety. It is, indeed, one among many signs that the civilization of the heroic age was old and not young—a civilization which was outgrowing the simple faith of its ancestors. It has often been pointed out with truth that the humor of Homer is almost entirely confined to the scenes in Olympus, which seems to be treated as a fit opportunity for the display of passions which would be beneath the dignity of heroes. Even in morality the tone of Olympus is distinctly beneath that of earth. Mr. Gladstone has well remarked that not one of the gods can be called as distinctly *good* as the swine-herd Eumaios."—*Leaf*.

Late had she view'd the silver-footed dame,
 And all her passions kindled into flame.
 "Say, artful manager of heaven" (she cries),
 "Who now partakes the secrets of the skies?
 Thy Juno knows not the decrees of fate, 700
 In vain the partner of imperial state.

What fav'rite goddess then those cares divides
 Which Jove in prudence from his consort hides?"

To this the Thund'rer: "Seek not thou to find
 The sacred counsels of almighty mind: 705
 Involv'd in darkness lies the great decree,
 Nor can the depths of fate be pierc'd by thee;
 What fits thy knowledge, thou the first shalt know:
 The first of gods above and men below;
 But thou nor they shall search the thoughts that roll
 Deep in the close recesses of my soul." 711

Full on the sire the goddess of the skies
 Roll'd the large orbs of her majestic eyes,
 And thus return'd: "Austere Saturnius, say,
 From whence this wrath, or who controls thy sway?
 Thy boundless will, for me, remains in force, 716
 And all thy counsels take the destin'd course.
 But 'tis for Greece I fear: for late was seen
 In close consult the silver-footed queen.
 Jove to his Thetis nothing could deny, 720
 Nor was the signal vain that shook the sky.
 What fatal favor has the goddess won,
 To grace her fierce inexorable son?
 Perhaps in Grecian blood to drench the plain,
 And glut his vengeance with my people slain." 725

714 Saturnius. Jupiter was the son of Saturn, who preceded him as ruler of heaven.

Then thus the god: "Oh restless fate of pride,
That strives to learn what heav'n resolves to hide!
Vain is the search, presumptuous and abhorr'd,
Anxious to thee and odious to thy lord.

Let this suffice; th' immutable decree 730

No force can shake: what *is*, that *ought* to be.

Goddess, submit, nor dare our will withstand,

But dread the power of this avenging hand;

Th' united strength of all the gods above

In vain resists th' omnipotence of Jove." 735

The Thund'rer spoke, nor durst the queen reply;

A rev'rend horror silenc'd all the sky.

The feast disturb'd, with sorrow Vulcan saw

His mother menac'd and the gods in awe;

Peace at his heart and pleasure his design, 740

Thus interpos'd the architect divine:

"The wretched quarrels of the mortal state

Are far unworthy, gods! of your debate:

Let men their days in senseless strife employ;

We, in eternal peace and constant joy. 745

Thou, goddess-mother, with our sire comply,

Nor break the sacred union of the sky:

Lest, rous'd to rage, he shake the blest abodes,

Launch the red lightning, and dethrone the gods.

If you submit, the Thund'rer stands pleas'd; 750

The gracious pow'r is willing to be pleas'd."

Thus Vulcan spoke; and, rising with a bound,

The double bowl with sparkling nectar crown'd,

Which held to Juno in a cheerful way,

"Goddess" (he cried), "be patient and obey. 755

741. architect. Vulcan had built the palaces in which the gods dwelt.

753. double bowl. A vessel formed like two bells joined together, so that it was a goblet whichever way it was turned up. "Nectar" was the drink of the gods, "ambrosia" their food.

Dear as you are, if Jove his arm extend,
 I can but grieve, unable to defend.
 What god so daring in your aid to move,
 Or lift his hand against the force of Jove?
 Once in your cause I felt his matchless might, 760
 Hurl'd headlong downward from th' ethereal height;
 Toss'd all the day in rapid circles round;
 Nor, till the sun descended, touch'd the ground:
 Breathless I fell, in giddy motion lost;
 The Sinthians rais'd me on the Lemnian coast." 765
 He said, and to her hands the goblet heav'd,
 Which, with a smile, the white-arm'd queen receiv'd.
 Then to the rest he fill'd; and, in his turn,
 Each to his lips applied the nectar'd urn.
 Vulcan with awkward grace his office plies, 770
 And unextinguish'd laughter shakes the skies.
 Thus the blest gods the genial day prolong
 In feasts ambrosial and celestial song.
 Apollo tun'd the lyre; the muses round
 With voice alternate aid the silver sound. 775
 Meantime the radiant sun, to mortal sight
 Descending swift, roll'd down the rapid light.
 Then to their starry domes the gods depart,
 The shining monuments of Vulcan's art:
 Jove on his couch reclin'd his awful head, 780
 And Juno slumber'd on the golden bed.

778. *starry domes.* Each deity had a separate palace on Olympus.

781. "It is impossible to leave this splendid book without noticing the supreme art with which all the leading characters on both the stages of the coming story have been introduced to us, drawn in strong strokes where not a touch is lost, and standing before us at once as finished types for all time. On earth we already know the contrast between the surly resentment of Agamemnon and the flaming but placable passion of Achilles, and we have had a glimpse of the mild wisdom of Nestor and the devoted friendship of Patroclus. In heaven the three chief actors, Zeus, Hera, and Athene, already present themselves as the strong but overweighted husband, the zealous and domineering wife, and the ideal of self-restraint and wise reflection. The third book will do the same for the Trojan side, showing us in vivid outline Hector, Paris, and Priam, and their chief advocate in heaven, the goddess Aphrodite, with her victim Helen, the center of the tragedy."—*Leaf.*

BOOK II

THE TRIAL OF THE ARMY AND CATALOGUE OF THE FORCES

Jupiter, in pursuance of the request of Thetis, sends a deceitful vision to Agamemnon, persuading him to lead the army to battle, in order to make the Greeks sensible of their want of Achilles. The general, who is deluded with the hopes of taking Troy without his assistance, but fears the army was discouraged by his absence and the late plague, as well as by length of time, contrives to make trial of their disposition by a stratagem. He first communicates his design to the princes in council, that he would propose a return to the soldiers, and that they should put a stop to them if the proposal was embraced. Then he assembles the whole host, and upon moving for a return to Greece, they unanimously agree to it, and run to prepare the ships. They are detained by the management of Ulysses, who chastises the insolence of Thersites. The assembly is recalled, several speeches made on the occasion, and at length the advice of Nestor followed, which was to make a general muster of the troops, and to divide them into their several nations, before they proceeded to battle. This gives occasion to the poet to enumerate all the forces of the Greeks and Trojans in a large catalogue.

The time employed in this book consists not entirely of one day. The scene lies in the Grecian camp and upon the sea-shore; toward the end it removes to Troy.

BOOK III

THE DUEL OF MENELAUS AND PARIS

The armies being ready to engage, a single combat is agreed upon between Menelaus and Paris (by the intervention of Hector) for the determination of the war. Iris is sent to call Helen to behold the fight. She leads her to the walls of Troy, where

Priam sat with his counselors, observing the Grecian leaders on the plain below, to whom Helen gives an account of the chief of them. The kings on either part take the solemn oath for the conditions of the combat. The duel ensues, wherein Paris, being overcome, is snatched away in a cloud by Venus, and transported to his apartment. She then calls Helen from the walls, and brings the lovers together. Agamemnon, on the part of the Grecians, demands the restoration of Helen, and the performance of the articles.

The three-and-twentieth day still continues throughout this book. The scene is sometimes in the field before Troy, and sometimes in Troy itself.

BOOK IV

THE BREACH OF THE TRUCE AND THE FIRST BATTLE

The gods deliberate in council concerning the Trojan war: they agree upon the continuation of it, and Jupiter sends down Minerva to break the truce. She persuades Pandarus to aim an arrow at Menelaus, who is wounded, but cured by Machaon. In the meantime some of the Trojan troops attack the Greeks. Agamemnon is distinguished in all the parts of a good general; he reviews the troops, and exhorts the leaders, some by praises, and others by reproofs. Nestor is particularly celebrated for his military discipline. The battle joins, and great numbers are slain on both sides.

The same day continues through this, as through the last book; as it does also through the two following, and almost to the end of the seventh book. The scene is wholly in the field before Troy.

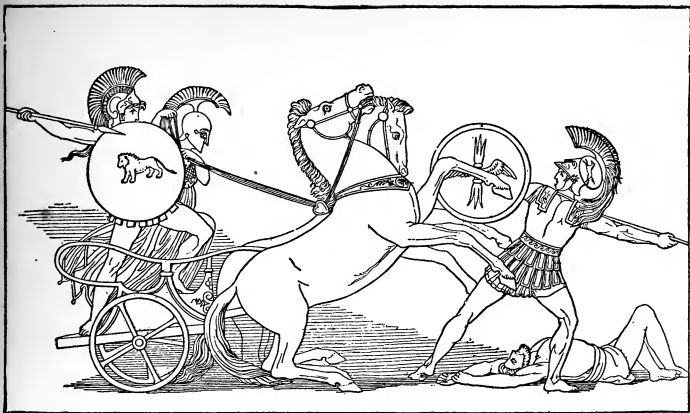
BOOK V

THE ACTS OF DIOMED

Diomed, assisted by Pallas, performs wonders in this day's battle. Pandarus wounds him with an arrow, but the goddess cures him, enables him to discern gods from mortals, and prohibits him from contending with any of the former, excepting Venus. Æneas joins Pandarus to oppose him, Pandarus is killed,

and Æneas in great danger but for the assistance of Venus, who, as she is removing her son from the fight, is wounded on the hand by Diomed. Apollo seconds her in his rescue, and at length carries off Æneas to Troy, where he is healed in the temple of Pergamus. Mars rallies the Trojans, and assists Hector to make a stand. In the meantime Æneas is restored to the field, and they overthrow several of the Greeks ; among the rest Tlepolemus is slain by Sarpedon. Juno and Minerva descend to resist Mars ; the latter incites Diomed to go against that god ; he wounds him, and sends him groaning to heaven.

The first battle continues through this book. The scene is the same as in the former.



DIOMED IN HIS CHARIOT

BOOK VI

THE ARGUMENT

THE EPISODES OF GLAUCUS AND DIOMED, AND OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE

The gods having left the field, the Grecians prevail. Helenus, the chief augur of Troy, commands Hector to return to the city, in order to appoint a solemn procession of the queen and the Trojan matrons to the temple of Minerva, to entreat her to remove Diomed from the fight. The battle relaxing during the absence of Hector, Glaucus and Diomed have an interview between the two armies; where, coming to the knowledge of the friendship and hospitality past between their ancestors, they make exchange of their arms. Hector, having performed the orders of Helenus, prevailed upon Paris to return to the battle, and, taking a tender leave of his wife Andromache, hastens again to the field.

The scene is first in the field of battle, between the rivers Simoïs and Scamander, and then changes to Troy.

Now heav'n forsakes the fight; th' immortals yield
To human force and human skill the field:

1. "Of all the *Iliad* this incomparable book attains the grandest heights of narration and composition, of action and pathos. Nowhere else have we so

Two twins were near, bold, beautiful, and young,
 From a fair Naiad and Bucolion sprung
 (Laomedon's white flocks Bucolion fed,
 That monarch's first-born by a foreign bed; 30
 In secret woods he won the Naiad's grace,
 And two fair infants crown'd his strong embrace):
 Here dead they lay in all their youthful charms;
 The ruthless victor stripp'd their shining arms.

Astyalus by Polypoetes fell: 35
 Ulysses' spear Pidytes sent to hell;
 By Teucer's shaft brave Aretaön bled,
 And Nestor's son laid stern Ablerus dead;
 Great Agamemnon, leader of the brave,
 The mortal wound of rich Elatus gave, 40
 Who held in Pedasus his proud abode,
 And till'd the banks where silver Satnio flow'd.
 Melanthius by Eurypylus was slain:
 And Phylacus from Leitus flies in vain.

Unbless'd Adrastus next at mercy lies 45
 Beneath the Spartan spear, a living prize.
 Scar'd with the din and tumult of the fight,
 His headlong steeds, precipitate in flight,
 Rush'd on a tamarisk's strong trunk, and broke
 The shatter'd chariot from the crooked yoke: 50
 Wide o'er the field, resistless as the wind,
 For Troy they fly, and leave their lord behind.
 Prone on his face he sinks beside the wheel.
 Atrides o'er him shakes his vengeful steel;
 The fallen chief in suppliant posture press'd 55
 The victor's knees, and thus his pray'r address'd:

28. Naiad, a water nymph.

46. Spartan spear, of Menelaus.

49-50. The yoke was fastened to the extremity of the pole. As soon therefore as the pole was broken the horses broke loose from the chariot.

“ Oh! spare my youth, and for the life I owe
 Large gifts of price my father shall bestow:
 When fame shall tell that, not in battle slain,
 Thy hollow ships his captive son detain; 60
 Rich heaps of brass shall in thy tent be told,
 And steel well-temper'd, and persuasive gold.”

He said: compassion touch'd the hero's heart;
 He stood suspended with the lifted dart.
 As pity pleaded for his vanquish'd prize, 65
 Stern Agamemnon swift to vengeance flies,
 And furious thus: “ O impotent of mind!
 Shall these, shall these Atrides' mercy find?
 Well hast thou known proud Troy's perfidious land,
 And well her natives merit at thy hand! 70
 Not one of all the race, nor sex, nor age,
 Shall save a Trojan from our boundless rage;
 Ilion shall perish whole, and bury all;
 Her babes, her infants at the breast, shall fall.
 A dreadful lesson of exampled fate, 75
 To warn the nations and to curb the great!”

The monarch spoke; the words, with warmth address'd,
 To rigid justice steel'd his brother's breast.
 Fierce from his knees the hapless chief he thrust;
 The monarch's jav'lin stretch'd him in the dust. 80
 Then, pressing with his foot his panting heart,
 Forth from the slain he tugg'd the reeking dart.
 Old Nestor saw, and rous'd the warriors' rage:
 “ Thus, heroes! thus the vig'rous combat wage!

61. From this passage it appears that metals of various kinds were esteemed as treasure, bronze and iron as well as those more precious in our eyes. Copper was used in the Mycenæan age almost exclusively for offensive weapons. By what means it was sufficiently hardened is not known.

76. This line and line 88 are good examples of the compact sententiousness so characteristic of Pope's style.

No son of Mars descend, for servile gains, 85
 To touch the booty, while a foe remains.
 Behold yon glitt'ring host, your future spoil!
 First gain the conquest, then reward the toil."

And now had Greece eternal fame acquir'd,
 And frighted Troy within her walls retir'd; 90
 Had not sage Helenus her state redress'd,
 Taught by the gods that mov'd his sacred breast.
 Where Hector stood, with great Æneas join'd,
 The seer reveal'd the counsels of his mind:

"Ye gen'rous chiefs! on whom th' immortals lay 95
 The cares and glories of this doubtful day,
 On whom your aids, your country's hopes depend,
 Wise to consult and active to defend!
 Here, at our gates, your brave efforts unite,
 Turn back the routed, and forbid the flight; 100
 Ere yet their wives' soft arms the cowards gain,
 The sport and insult of the hostile train.

When your commands have hearten'd ev'ry band,
 Ourselves, here fix'd, will make the dang'rous stand;
 Press'd as we are and sore of former fight, 105
 These straits demand our last remains of might.
 Meanwhile, thou, Hector, to the town retire,
 And teach our mother what the gods require:
 Direct the queen to lead th' assembled train
 Of Troy's chief matrons to Minerva's fane; 110

91. sage Helenus, son of Priam. It is not clear how Helenus "redressed the state" of Troy on this occasion. He advised Hector to return to Troy, for the purpose of winning the help of Minerva against Diomed. But we are expressly told that the sacrifices were in vain; in fact, they were offered to the very goddess who had taken Diomed under her special protection.

95. Since the toil of battle devolves upon you more than upon the rest of the Trojans.

97. aids, the Lycian allies of Troy.

99. at our gates, *i.e.*, make a last appeal to the courage of the host, before it flees for safety behind the walls.

106 Our desperate condition requires us to strain every nerve.

108. our mother, Hecuba.

Unbar the sacred gates, and seek the pow'r,
 With offer'd vows, in Ilion's topmost tow'r.
 The largest mantle her rich wardrobes hold,
 Most priz'd for art, and labor'd o'er with gold,
 Before the goddess' honor'd knees be spread; 115
 And twelve young heifers to her altars led.
 If so the pow'r, aton'd by fervent prayer,
 Our wives, our infants, and our city spare,
 And far avert Tydides' wasteful ire,
 That mows whole troops and makes all Troy retire. 120
 Not thus Achilles taught our hosts to dread,
 Sprung though he was from more than mortal bed;
 Not thus resistless rul'd the stream of fight,
 In rage unbounded and unmatch'd in might."

Hector obedient heard, and with a bound 125
 Leap'd from his trembling chariot to the ground;
 Through all his host, inspiring force, he flies,
 And bids the thunder of the battle rise.
 With rage recruited the bold Trojans glow,
 And turn the tide of conflict on the foe: 130
 Fierce in the front he shakes two dazzling spears;
 All Greece recedes, and midst her triumph fears:
 Some god, they thought, who rul'd the fate of wars,
 Shot down avenging from the vault of stars.

Then thus, aloud: "Ye dauntless Dardans, hear!
 And you whom distant nations send to war! 136

115. The text of Homer should be translated, "on her knees," whereas the statues of Minerva were generally represented as standing.

117. If haply the goddess, propitiated by prayer, may spare our city.

119. Tydides, a patronymic for Diomed, son of Tydens. Thus we find Atrides for Agamemnon, Laertiades for Ulysses. In the fifth book, Diomed, directly inspired by Minerva, slew Pandarns, the breaker of the truce; and after performing prodigies of valor, even dared to oppose the god of war himself, who had come down to help the Trojans. In the combat Mars is severely wounded, and roars with pain, and hurrying back to Olympus complains to Juniper of the insolence of the mortal Diomed.

133. The Greeks thought some god must have come down to help the Trojans and encourage them.

Be mindful of the strength your fathers bore;
 Be still yourselves, and Hector asks no more.
 One hour demands me in the Trojan wall,
 To bid our altars flame and victims fall: 140
 Nor shall, I trust, the matrons' holy train
 And rev'rend elders seek the gods in vain."

This said, with ample strides the hero pass'd;
 The shield's large orb behind his shoulder cast,
 His neck o'ershading, to his ankle hung; 145
 And as he march'd the brazen buckler rung.

Now paus'd the battle (godlike Hector gone),
 When daring Glaucus and great Tydeus' son
 Between both armies met; the chiefs from far
 Observ'd each other, and had mark'd for war. 150
 Near as they drew, Tydides thus began:

"What art thou, boldest of the race of man?
 Our eyes, till now, that aspect ne'er beheld,
 Where fame is reap'd amid th' embattled field;
 Yet far before the troops thou dar'st appear, 155
 And meet a lance the fiercest heroes fear.
 Unhappy they and born of luckless sires,
 Who tempt our fury when Minerva fires!

145. The shield was so large that it knocked against his neck and legs as he walked. This is a very graphic description and seems to bring Hector actually before us. The shield of the warrior must be supposed to be a long oval one, sufficiently large to cover his whole person. Over the framework of this a hide is placed, and over the hide plates of metal. All around the edge or rim the hide projects from under the plates, forming a sort of border. When Hector departs from the fight he throws this shield on his back, and as he moves rapidly along, the projecting hide keeps flapping against and striking his neck and ankles.

147. Now paus'd the battle. "The poet's method of introducing his episode, also illustrates, in a curious manner, his tact in the dramatic department of his art. Where, for example, one or more heroes are dispatched on some commission, to be executed at a certain distance of time or place, the fulfillment of this task is not, as a general rule, immediately described. A certain interval is allowed them for reaching the appointed scene of action, which interval is dramatized, as it were, either by a temporary continuation of the previous narrative, or by fixing attention for a while on some new transaction, at the close of which the further account of the mission is resumed."
 —Mure.

But if from heaven, celestial, thou descend,
 Know, with immortals we no more contend. 160
 Not long Lycurgus view'd the golden light,
 That daring man who mix'd with gods in fight.
 Bacchus and Bacchus' votaries he drove
 With brandish'd steel from Nyssa's sacred grove:
 Their consecrated spears lay scatter'd round, 165
 With curling vines and twisted ivy bound;
 While Bacchus headlong sought the briny flood,
 And Thetis' arms receiv'd the trembling god.
 Nor fail'd the crime th' immortals' wrath to move
 (Th' immortals bless'd with endless ease above); 170
 Depriv'd of sight by their avenging doom,
 Cheerless he breath'd and wander'd in the gloom:
 Then sunk unpitied to the dire abodes,
 A wretch accurs'd and hated by the gods!
 I brave not heaven; but if the fruits of earth 175
 Sustain thy life, and human be thy birth,
 Bold as thou art, too prodigal of breath,
 Approach, and enter the dark gates of death."
 "What, or from whence I am, or who my sire"
 (Replied the chief), "can Tydeus' son inquire? 180
 Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
 Now green in youth, now with'ring on the ground:
 Another race the following spring supplies;
 They fall successive and successive rise:
 So generations in their course decay; 185
 So flourish these, when those are pass'd away.

161. **Lycurgus**, King of the Edones in Thrace, drove out of his territories the nurses of Bacchus, the wine-god, fearing their corrupting influence. For this impiety he was smitten with blindness.

165. **Consecrated spears**, the sacred wands crowned with pine cones used in the worship of Bacchus.

But if thou still persist to search my birth,
Then hear a tale that fills the spacious earth.

“ A city stands on Argos’ utmost bound
(Argos the fair, for warlike steeds renown’d); 190

Æolian Sisypheus, with wisdom bless’d,
In ancient time the happy walls possess’d,
Then call’d Ephyrè: Glaucus was his son,
Great Glaucus, father of Bellerophon,
Who o’er the sons of men in beauty shin’d, 195
Lov’d for that valor which preserves mankind.

Then mighty Prætus Argos’ scepter sway’d,
Whose hard commands Bellerophon obey’d.
With direful jealousy the monarch rag’d,
And the brave prince in num’rous toils engag’d. 200

For him Antea burn’d with lawless flame,
And strove to tempt him from the paths of fame:
In vain she tempted the relentless youth,
Endu’d with wisdom, sacred fear, and truth.

Fir’d at his scorn, the queen to Prætus fled, 205
And begg’d revenge for her insulted bed.

Incens’d he heard, resolving on his fate;
But hospitable laws restrain’d his hate:
To Lycia the devoted youth he sent,
With tablets seal’d, that told his dire intent. 210

Now, bless’d by ev’ry pow’r who guards the good,
The chief arriv’d at Xanthus’ silver flood:
There Lycia’s monarch paid him honors due;
Nine days he feasted, and nine bulls he slew.
But when the tenth bright morning orient glow’d, 215
The faithful youth his monarch’s mandate show’d:

210. tablets. Scholars are in doubt whether writing was or was not known to the Homeric Greeks.

213-215. It was customary to feast a stranger before asking his errand.

The fatal tablets, till that instant seal'd,
 The deathful secret to the king reveal'd:
 First, dire Chimæra's conquest was enjoin'd:
 A mingled monster, of no mortal kind; 220
 Behind, a dragon's fiery tail was spread;
 A goat's rough body bore a lion's head;
 Her pitchy nostrils flaky flames expire;
 Her gaping throat emits infernal fire.

"This pest he slaughter'd (for he read the skies, 225
 And trusted heav'n's informing prodigies);
 Then met in arms the Solymæan crew
 (Fiercest of men), and those the warrior slew.
 Next the bold Amazons' whole force defied;
 And conquer'd still, for heav'n was on his side. 230

"Nor ended here his toils: his Lycian foes,
 At his return, a treach'rous ambush rose,
 With level'd spears along the winding shore:
 There fell they breathless, and return'd no more.

"At length the monarch with repentant grief 235
 Confess'd the gods and god-descended chief;
 His daughter gave, the stranger to detain,
 With half the honors of his ample reign.
 The Lycians grant a chosen space of ground,
 With woods, with vineyards, and with harvests
 crown'd. 240

There long the chief his happy lot possess'd
 With two brave sons and one fair daughter bless'd
 (Fair ev'n in heav'nly eyes; her fruitful love
 Crown'd with Sarpedon's birth th' embrace of Jove);
 But when at last, distracted in his mind, 245
 Forsook by heav'n, forsaking human kind,

Wide o'er th' Aleian field he chose to stray,
 A long, forlorn, uncomfortable way!
 Woes heap'd on woes consum'd his wasted heart;
 His beauteous daughter fell by Phœbe's dart; 250
 His eldest-born by raging Mars was slain,
 In combat on the Solymæan plain.
 Hippolochus surviv'd; from him I came,
 The honor'd author of my birth and name;
 By his decree I sought the Trojan town, 255
 By his instructions learn to win renown;
 To stand the first in worth as in command,
 To add new honors to my native land,
 Before my eyes my mighty sires to place,
 And emulate the glories of our race." 260

He spoke, and transport fill'd Tydides' heart;
 In earth the gen'rous warrior fix'd his dart;
 Then friendly, thus, the Lycian prince address'd:
 "Welcome, my brave hereditary guest!
 Thus ever let us meet, with kind embrace, 265
 Nor stain the sacred friendship of our race.
 Know, chief, our grandsires have been guests of old,
 Æneus the strong, Bellerophon the bold;
 Our ancient seat his honor'd presence grac'd,
 Where twenty days in genial rites he pass'd. 270
 The parting heroes mutual presents left:
 A golden goblet was thy grandsire's gift;
 Æneus a belt of matchless work bestow'd,
 That rich with Tyrian dye refulgent glow'd
 (This from his pledge I learn'd, which, safely stor'd
 Among my treasures, still adorns my board: 276

247. **Aleian field.** This expression properly means the "wandering plain," a name derived from the melancholy wanderings of Bellerophon there after he had lost his children.

250. **Phœbe, Diana.** The goddess who caused the sudden death of women.

For Tydeus left me young, when Thebè's wall
 Beheld the sons of Greece untimely fall).
 Mindful of this, in friendship let us join;
 If heav'n our steps to foreign lands incline, 280
 My guest in Argos thou, and I in Lycia thine.
 Enough of Trojans to this lance shall yield,
 In the full harvest of yon ample field;
 Enough of Greeks shall dye thy spear with gore;
 But thou and Diomed be foes no more. 285
 Now change we arms, and prove to either host
 We guard the friendship of the line we boast."

Thus having said, the gallant chiefs alight,
 Their hands they join, their mutual faith they
 plight;

Brave Glaucus then each narrow thought resign'd 290
 (Jove warm'd his bosom and enlarg'd his mind):

For Diomed's brass arms, of mean device,
 For which nine oxen paid (a vulgar price).
 He gave his own, of gold divinely wrought:
 A hundred beeves the shining purchase bought. 295

Meantime the guardian of the Trojan state,
 Great Hector, enter'd at the Scæan gate.
 Beneath the beech tree's consecrated shades,
 The Trojan matrons and the Trojan maids
 Around him flock'd, all press'd with pious care 300
 For husbands, brothers, sons, engag'd in war.

295. "Glaucus, it is observed, hearing Diomed speak of the liberality shown by Bellerophon to Ceneus, determined not to fall below the example of his ancestor, and therefore consented to an exchange so very unequal."—*Cowper*. This is an ingenious explanation of this incongruous passage, which seems such a burlesque and inappropriate ending to a beautiful episode.

297. the Scæan gates were on the southwest side of Troy.

300. pious, here used in the sense of the Latin "pius," denoting not merely duty toward heaven, but affection on the part of the Trojan women for their husbands engaged in the war,

He bids the train in long procession go,
 And seek the gods, t' avert th' impending woe.
 And now to Priam's stately courts he came,
 Rais'd on arch'd columns of stupendous frame; 305
 O'er these a range of marble structure runs,
 The rich pavilions of his fifty sons,
 In fifty chambers lodg'd: and rooms of state
 Oppos'd to those, where Priam's daughters sate:
 Twelve domes for them and their lov'd spouses
 shone, 310
 Of equal beauty and of polish'd stone.
 Hither great Hector pass'd, nor pass'd unseen
 Of royal Hecuba, his mother queen
 (With her Laodicè, whose beauteous face
 Surpass'd the nymphs of Troy's illustrious race). 315
 Long in a strict embrace she held her son,
 And press'd his hand, and tender thus begun:
 "O Hector! say, what great occasion calls
 My son from fight, when Greece surrounds our walls?
 Com'st thou to supplicate th' almighty pow'r, 320
 With lifted hands from Ilion's lofty tow'r?
 Stay, till I bring the cup with Bacchus crown'd,
 In Jove's high name, to sprinkle on the ground,
 And pay due vows to all the gods around.
 Then with a plenteous draught refresh thy soul, 325
 And draw new spirits from the gen'rous bowl;
 Spent as thou art with long laborious fight,
 The brave defender of thy country's right."

303. to avert, note the slurred syllable ; also in the same line, the impending woe.

308. This seems to mean that the chambers of the sons were in the main palace, while the "domes" were roofed buildings having a different site.

322. with Bacchus crowned, filled to the brim with wine. Bacchus, the wine-god, is not mentioned in the Greek; "honey-sweet wine" is Homer's rendering.

“Far hence be Bacchus’ gifts” (the chief re-join’d);

“Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind, 330

Unnerves the limbs, and dulls the noble mind.

Let chiefs abstain, and spare the sacred juice

To sprinkle to the gods, its better use.

By me that holy office were profan’d;

Ill fits it me, with human gore distain’d, 335

To the pure skies these horrid hands to raise,

Or offer heav’n’s great sire polluted praise.

You, with your matrons, go, a spotless train!

And burn rich odors in Minerva’s fane.

The largest mantle your full wardrobes hold, 340

Most priz’d for art, and labor’d o’er with gold,

Before the goddess’ honor’d knees be spread,

And twelve young heifers to her altar led.

So may the pow’r, aton’d by fervent pray’r,

Our wives, our infants, and our city spare, 345

And far avert Tydides’ wasteful ire,

Who mows whole troops, and makes all Troy retire.

Be this, O mother, your religious care;

I go to rouse soft Paris to the war:

If yet, not lost to all the sense of shame, 350

The recreant warrior hear the voice of fame.

Oh would kind earth the hateful wretch embrace,

That pest of Troy, that ruin of our race!

Deep to the dark abyss might he descend,

Troy yet should flourish, and my sorrows end.” 355

334. It would be impious in me to pour out an offering to Heaven with blood-stained hands.

349. soft. The epithet is put in by Pope. It refers to the indolence and indifference of Paris. His heart is not in the war, though he is willing to take an occasional part in it.

350. In hopes that he is not yet lost to shame, but may listen to my advice.

351. recreant, first means apostate, then coward.

This heard, she gave command; and summon'd came
 Each noble matron and illustrious dame.
 The Phrygian queen to her rich wardrobe went,
 Where treasur'd odors breath'd a costly scent.
 There lay the vestures of no vulgar art, 360
 Sidonian maids embroider'd ev'ry part,
 Whom from soft Sidon youthful Paris bore,
 With Helen touching on the Tyrian shore.
 Here as the queen revolv'd with careful eyes
 The various textures and the various dyes, 365
 She chose a veil that shone superior far,
 And glow'd refulgent as the morning star.
 Herself with this the long procession leads;
 The train majestically slow proceeds.
 Soon as to Ilion's topmost tow'r they come, 370
 And awful reach the high Palladian dome,
 Antenor's consort, fair Theano, waits
 As Pallas' priestess, and unbars the gates.
 With hands uplifted and imploring eyes,
 They fill the dome with supplicating cries. 375
 The priestess then the shining veil displays,
 Plac'd on Minerva's knees, and thus she prays:
 "O awful goddess! ever-dreadful maid,
 Troy's strong defense, unconquer'd Pallas, aid!
 Break thou Tydides' spear, and let him fall 380
 Prone on the dust before the Trojan wall.
 So twelve young heifers, guiltless of the yoke,
 Shall fill thy temple with a grateful smoke.

369. This line well describes the slow, measured march of a procession.

371. Palladian dome, "Minerva's fane."

375. The usual cry uttered when the victim was slain: in the present instance, when the robe was offered.

381. Prone, headlong.

382. The sacrifice was only promised on condition that Minerva showed her sympathy with Troy.

guiltless of the yoke, and therefore an offering meet for the gods.

383. grateful, pleasing.

But thou, aton'd by penitence and pray'r,
 Ourselves, our infants, and our city spare!" 385
 So pray'd the priestess in her holy fane:
 So vow'd the matrons, but they vow'd in vain.

While these appear before the pow'r with pray'rs,
 Hector to Paris' lofty dome repairs.
 Himself the mansion rais'd, from every part 390
 Assembling architects of matchless art.
 Near Priam's court and Hector's palace stands
 The pompous structure, and the town commands.
 A spear the hero bore of wond'rous strength:
 Of full ten cubits was the lance's length; 395
 The steely point, with golden ringlets join'd,
 Before him brandish'd, at each motion shin'd.
 Thus ent'ring, in the glitt'ring rooms he found
 His brother-chief, whose useless arms lay round,
 His eyes delighting with their splendid show, 400
 Bright'ning the shield, and polishing the bow.
 Beside him Helen with her virgins stands,
 Guides their rich labors, and instructs their hands.

Him thus inactive, with an ardent look
 The prince beheld, and high-resenting spoke: 405
 "Thy hate to Troy is this the time to show
 (O wretch ill-fated and thy country's foe)?
 Paris and Greece against us both conspire,
 Thy close resentment, and their vengeful ire.

389. repairs, proceeds. From a Low Latin word "repatriare," meaning to go back to one's country.

Paris is portrayed as a man of culture; his house and arms are of the best.

395. ten cubits, about sixteen feet. This seems exaggerated, but is probably not so, as in Xenophon's *Anabasis* we find the Chalybes using spears twenty-two feet long. The golden ringlets were probably the lashing of gold wire to prevent the shaft from splitting.

403. The labors of the loom.

409. Possibly Paris believed the Trojans intended to give him up to the Greeks.

For thee great Ilion's guardian heroes fall, 410
 Till heaps of dead alone defend her wall;
 For thee the soldier bleeds, the matron mourns,
 And wasteful war in all its fury burns.
 Ungrateful man! deserves not this thy care,
 Our troops to hearten and our toils to share? 415
 Rise, or behold the conqu'ring flames ascend,
 And all the Phrygian glories at an end."

"Brother, 'tis just" (replied the beauteous youth);
 "Thy free remonstrance proves thy worth and truth:
 Yet charge my absence less, O gen'rous chief, 420
 On hate to Troy than conscious shame and grief:
 Here, hid from human eyes, thy brother sate,
 And mourn'd in secret his and Ilion's fate.
 'Tis now enough: now glory spreads her charms,
 And beauteous Helen calls her chief to arms. 425
 Conquest to-day my happier sword may bless,
 'Tis man's to fight, but heav'n's to give success.
 But while I arm, contain thy ardent mind;
 Or go, and Paris shall not lag behind."

He said, nor answer'd Priam's warlike son; 430
 When Helen thus with lowly grace begun:

"O gen'rous brother! if the guilty dame
 That caus'd these woes deserve a sister's name!
 Would heav'n, ere all these dreadful deeds were done,
 The day that show'd me to the golden sun 435

419. Paris does not really answer Hector's speech. Instead of admitting that he ought to take a leading share in a war of which he was himself the prime cause, he merely remarks that, though unsuccessful in his latest attempt against Menelaus, he is thinking of trying again, in hopes of better fortune.

428. contain, restrain your fiery spirit.

432. Homer portrays Helen as suffering the inevitable punishment for her crime. She despises herself, and has learned to despise the man for whom she deserted her husband. Note the contrast in this book between the "miserable doom" of Helen and Paris, and the touching episode of Hector and Andromache. Book VI. has been well described as a moral epic.

Had seen my death! Why did not whirlwinds bear
The fatal infant to the fowls of air?

Why sunk I not beneath the whelming tide,
And midst the roarings of the waters died?

Heav'n fill'd up all my ills, and I accurst 440

Bore all, and Paris of those ills the worst.

Helen at least a braver spouse might claim,

Warm'd with some virtue, some regard of fame!

Now, tir'd with toils, thy fainting limbs recline,

With toils sustain'd for Paris' sake and mine: 445

The gods have link'd our miserable doom,

Our present woe and infamy to come:

Wide shall it spread, and last through ages long,

Examples sad! and theme of future song!"

The chief replied: "This time forbids to rest: 450

The Trojan bands, by hostile fury press'd,

Demand their Hector, and his arm require;

The combat urges, and my soul's on fire.

Urge thou thy knight to march where glory calls,

And timely join me, e'er I leave the walls. 455

E'er yet I mingle in the direful fray,

My wife, my infant, claim a moment's stay;

This day (perhaps the last that sees me here)

Demands a parting word, a tender tear:

This day some god who hates our Trojan land 460

May vanquish Hector by a Grecian hand."

He said, and pass'd with sad presaging heart

To seek his spouse, his soul's far dearer part;

At home he sought her, but he sought in vain:

She, with one maid of all her menial train, 465

458. Hector's forebodings were well grounded; he never entered the city again.

462. presaging, foretelling.

Had thence retir'd; and, with her second joy,
 The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy,
 Pensive she stood on Ilion's tow'ry height,
 Beheld the war, and sicken'd at the sight;
 There her sad eyes in vain her lord explore, 470
 Or weep the wounds her bleeding country bore.

But he who found not whom his soul desir'd,
 Whose virtue charm'd him as her beauty fir'd,
 Stood in the gates, and ask'd what way she bent
 Her parting steps; if to the fane she went, 475
 Where late the mourning matrons made resort,
 Or sought her sisters in the Trojan court.

"Not to the court" (replied th' attendant train),
 "Nor, mix'd with matrons, to Minerva's fane:
 To Ilion's steepy tow'r she bent her way, 480
 To mark the fortunes of the doubtful day.
 Troy fled, she heard, before the Grecian sword;
 She heard, and trembled for her distant lord:
 Distracted with surprise, she seem'd to fly,
 Fear on her cheek and sorrow in her eye. 485
 The nurse attended with her infant boy,
 The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy."

Hector, this heard, return'd without delay;
 Swift through the town he trod his former way,
 Through streets of palaces and walks of state, 490
 And met the mourner at the Scaean gate.

472. Hector's character is that of a noble-minded patriot, as well as an affectionate husband and father. He goes back to the war, knowing that he is to die in arms for his city, and his only grief is the thought of the sufferings of Andromache after his death.

488. The following, describing the parting of Hector and Andromache, is probably the most admired part of the *Iliad*.

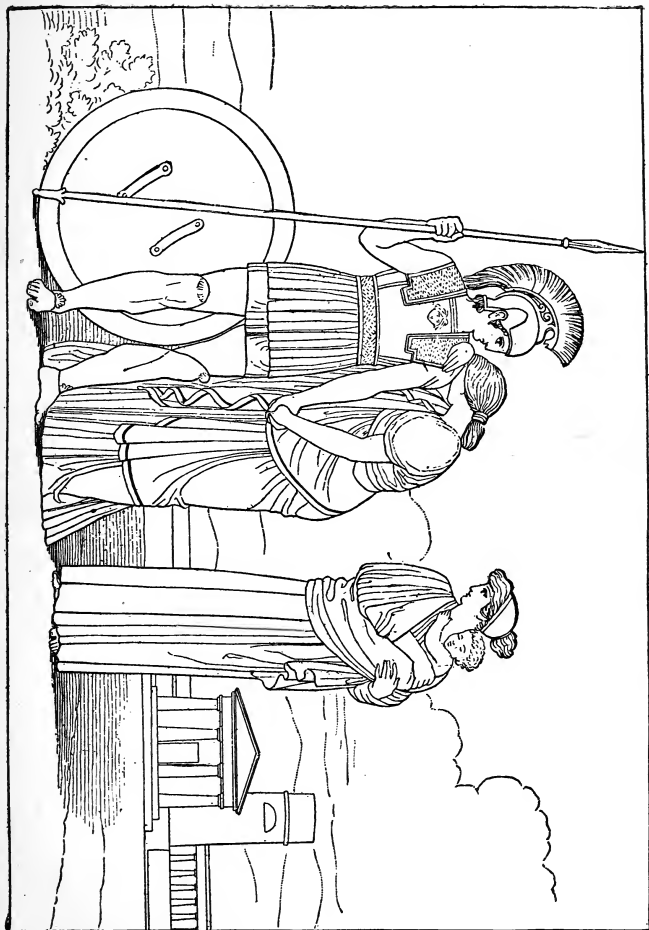
491. Hector first went to his home to seek Andromache, but hearing that she had hastened to the wall to watch the battle, he turned back toward the Scaean gates without waiting for her. Meanwhile Andromache had probably been told that Hector was looking for her at the palace, and leaving the wall, she met him on his way to the field.

With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair,
 His blameless wife, Eëtion's wealthy heir
 (Cilician Thebè great Eëtion sway'd,
 And Hippoplacus' wide-extended shade): 495
 The nurse stood near, in whose embraces press'd
 His only hope hung smiling at her breast,
 Whom each soft charm and early grace adorn,
 Fair as the new-born star that gilds the morn.
 To this lov'd infant Hector gave the name 500
 Scamandrius, from Scamander's honor'd stream;
 Astyanax the Trojans call'd the boy,
 From his great father, the defense of Troy.
 Silent the warrior smil'd, and pleas'd, resign'd
 To tender passions all his mighty mind: 505
 His beauteous princess cast a mournful look,
 Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke;
 Her bosom labor'd with a boding sigh,
 And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.
 " Too daring prince! ah whither dost thou run? 510
 Ah too forgetful of thy wife and son!
 And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,
 A widow I, a helpless orphan he!
 For sure such courage length of life denies,
 And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice. 515
 Greece in her single heroes strove in vain;
 Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain!
 Oh grant me, gods! e'er Hector meets his doom,
 All I can ask of heav'n, an early tomb!
 So shall my days in one sad tenor run, 520
 And end with sorrows as they first begun.

502. Astyanax, prince of the city.

515. You are doomed to die the victim of your own courage.

THE PARTING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE



No parent now remains, my griefs to share,
 No father's aid, no mother's tender care.
 The fierce Achilles wrapt our walls in fire,
 Laid Thebè waste, and slew my warlike sire! 525
 His fate compassion in the victor bred;
 Stern as he was, he yet rever'd the dead,
 His radiant arms preserv'd from hostile spoil,
 And laid him decent on the fun'ral pile;
 Then rais'd a mountain where his bones were burn'd:
 The mountain nymphs the rural tomb adorn'd; 531
 Jove's sylvan daughters bade their elms bestow
 A barren shade, and in his honor grow.

"By the same arm my seven brave brothers fell;
 In one sad day beheld the gates of hell: 535
 While the fat herds and snowy flocks they fed,
 Amid their fields the hapless heroes bled!
 My mother liv'd to bear the victor's bands,
 The queen of Hippoplacia's sylvan lands:
 Redeem'd too late, she scarce beheld again 540
 Her pleasing empire and her native plain,
 When, ah! oppress'd by life-consuming woe,
 She fell a victim to Diana's bow.

"Yet while my Hector still survives, I see
 My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee: 545
 Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all
 Once more will perish if my Hector fall.
 Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share:
 Oh prove a husband's and a father's care!
 That quarter most the skillful Greeks annoy, 550
 Where yon wild fig trees join the wall of Troy:

534. The brothers were slain while tending the herds. Homer's epithet here for the oxen, which Pope omits, is "shambling-gaited."

549. Show that you possess a proper regard for your wife and child, by not exposing yourself so rashly.

Thou from this tow'r defend th' important post.
 There Agamemnon points his dreadful host,
 That pass Tydides, Ajax, strive to gain,
 And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train. 555
 Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have giv'n,
 Or led by hopes, or dictated from heav'n.
 Let others in the field their arms employ,
 But stay my Hector here, and guard his Troy."

The chief replied: "That post shall be my care, 560
 Nor that alone, but all the works of war.
 How would the sons of Troy, in arms renown'd,
 And Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep the
 ground,
 Attaint the luster of my former name,
 Should Hector basely quit the field of fame? 565
 My early youth was bred to martial pains,
 My soul impels me to th' embattled plains:
 Let me be foremost to defend the throne,
 And guard my father's glories and my own.
 Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates 570
 (How my heart trembles while my tongue relates!):
 The day when thou, imperial Troy! must bend,
 And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.
 And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,
 My mother's death, the ruin of my kind, 575
 Not Priam's hoary hairs defil'd with gore,
 Not all my brothers gasping on the shore,
 As thine, Andromache! thy griefs I dread:
 I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led!

557. Notice the accent upon the last syllable of "dictated."

572. Agamemnon uses these very words after the wounding of Menelaus by Pandarus.

579. Andromache was said to have been taken by Neoptolemus, son of Achilles.

In Argive looms our battles to design, 580
 And woes of which so large a part was thine!
 To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring
 The weight of waters from Hyperia's spring.
 There, while you groan beneath the load of life,
 They cry, 'Behold the mighty Hector's wife!' 585
 Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,
 Embitters all thy woes by naming me.
 The thoughts of glory past and present shame,
 A thousand griefs, shall waken at the name!
 May I lie cold before that dreadful day, 590
 Press'd with a load of monumental clay!
 Thy Hector, wrapp'd in everlasting sleep,
 Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep."

Thus having spoke, th' illustrious chief of Troy
 Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy. 595
 The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
 Scar'd at the dazzling helm and nodding crest.
 With secret pleasure each fond parent smil'd,
 And Hector hasted to relieve his child;
 The glitt'ring terrors from his brows unbound, 600
 And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground.
 Then kiss'd the child, and, lifting high in air,
 Thus to the gods preferr'd a father's pray'r:

"O thou! whose glory fills th' ethereal throne,
 And all ye deathless pow'rs! protect my son! 605
 Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
 To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,

583. *Hyperia* was a fountain near *Pheræ*, in *Thessaly*.

603. He offered to Heaven such a prayer as a father might for his son.

606. *purchase*, gain, acquire; not necessarily connected, as in modern usage, with buying.

607. There is a play upon the name *Astyanax*, and the Greek word for ruling. May he rule, a prince, even as his names implies.

Against his country's foes the war to wage,
 And rise the Hector of the future age!
 So when, triumphant from successful toils, 610
 Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,
 Whole hosts may hail him with deserv'd acclaim,
 And say, 'This chief transcends his father's fame':
 While pleas'd, amidst the gen'ral shouts of Troy,
 His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy." 615

He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,
 Restor'd the pleasing burthen to her arms;
 Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
 Hush'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd.
 The troubled pleasure soon chastis'd by fear, 620
 She mingled with the smile a tender tear.
 The soften'd chief with kind compassion view'd,
 And dried the falling drops, and thus pursu'd:

"Andromache! my soul's far better part,
 Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart? 625
 No hostile hand can antedate my doom,
 Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb.
 Fix'd is the term to all the race of earth,
 And such the hard condition of our birth.
 No force can then resist, no flight can save; 630
 All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.
 No more—but hasten to thy tasks at home,
 There guide the spindle, and direct the loom:
 Me glory summons to the martial scene,
 The field of combat is the sphere for men. 635

626. *antedate*, no hostile hand can send me to death before my destiny permits it. For other instances of fatalism in Homer, compare the description of Amphius in Book V. :

"But fate resistless from his country led
 The chief, to perish at his people's head."

Also Book XVI.:

"Hector flies ;
 Patroclus shakes his lance, but fate denies."

Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,
The first in danger as the first in fame."

Thus having said, the glorious chief resumes
His tow'ry helmet, black with shading plumes.
His princess parts with a prophetic sigh, 640
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye,
That stream'd at ev'ry look: then, moving slow,
Sought her own palace, and indulg'd her woe.
There, while her tears deplor'd the godlike man,
Through all her train the soft infection ran: 645
The pious maids their mingled sorrow shed,
And mourn the living Hector as the dead.

But now, no longer deaf to honor's call,
Forth issues Paris from the palace wall.
In brazen arms that cast a gleamy ray, 650
Swift through the town the warrior bends his way.
The wanton courser thus, with reins unbound,
Breaks from his stall, and beats the trembling
ground;

Pamper'd and proud, he seeks the wonted tides,
And laves, in height of blood, his shining sides: 655
His head, now freed, he tosses to the skies;
His mane dishevel'd o'er his shoulders flies;
He snuffs the females in the distant plain,
And springs, exulting, to his fields again.
With equal triumph, sprightly, bold, and gay, 660
In arms refulgent as the god of day,
The son of Priam, glorying in his might,
Rush'd forth with Hector to the fields of fight.

643. indulged her woe, enjoyed the luxury of grief, gave way to her tears.

645. the soft infection ran. The example of Andromache's sorrow was contagious; all her handmaidens were already mourning Hector's death by anticipation.

655. in height of blood, with a high spirit, exultingly.

And now the warriors passing on the way,
The graceful Paris first excus'd his stay. 665
To whom the noble Hector thus replied:
"O chief, in blood, and now in arms, allied!
Thy pow'r in war with justice none contest;
Known is thy courage and thy strength confess'd.
What pity, sloth should seize a soul so brave, 670
Or godlike Paris live a woman's slave!
My heart weeps blood at what the Trojans say,
And hopes thy deeds shall wipe the stain away.
Haste then, in all their glorious labors share;
For much they suffer, for thy sake, in war. 675
These ills shall cease, whene'er by Jove's decree
We crown the bowl to Heav'n and Liberty:
While the proud foe his frustrate triumphs mourns,
And Greece indignant through her seas returns."

BOOK VII

THE SINGLE COMBAT OF HECTOR AND AJAX

The battle renewing with double ardor upon the return of Hector, Minerva is under apprehensions for the Greeks. Apollo, seeing her descend from Olympus, joins her near the Scæan gate. They agree to put off the general engagement for that day, and incite Hector to challenge the Greeks to a single combat. Nine of the princes accepting the challenge, the lot is cast, and falls upon Ajax. These heroes, after several attacks, are parted by the night. The Trojans calling a council, Antenor proposes the delivery of Helen to the Greeks, to which Paris will not consent, but offers to restore them her riches. Priam sends a herald to make this offer, and to demand a truce for burning the dead, the last of which only is agreed to by Agamemnon. When the funerals are performed, the Greeks, pursuant to the advice of Nestor, erect a fortification to protect their fleet and camp, flanked with towers, and defended by a ditch and palisades. Neptune testifies his jealousy at this work, but is pacified by a promise from Jupiter. Both armies pass the night in feasting, but Jupiter disheartens the Trojans with thunder and other signs of his wrath.

The three-and-twentieth day ends with the duel of Hector and Ajax ; the next day the truce is agreed : another is taken up in the funeral rites of the slain ; and one more in building the fortification before the ships ; so that somewhat above three days is employed in this book. The scene lies wholly in the field.

BOOK VIII

THE SECOND BATTLE AND THE DISTRESS OF THE GREEKS

Jupiter assembles a council of the deities, and threatens them with the pains of Tartarus, if they assist either side : Minerva only obtains of him that she may direct the Greeks by her coun-

sels. The armies join battle ; Jupiter on Mount Ida weighs in his balances the fates of both, and affrights the Greeks with his thunders and lightnings. Nestor alone continues in the field in great danger ; Diomed relieves him, whose exploits, and those of Hector, are excellently described. Juno endeavors to animate Neptune to the assistance of the Greeks, but in vain. The acts of Teucer, who is at length wounded by Hector, and carried off. Juno and Minerva prepare to aid the Grecians, but are restrained by Iris, sent from Jupiter. The night puts an end to the battle. Hector continues in the field (the Greeks being driven to their fortifications before the ships), and gives orders to keep the watch all night in the camp, to prevent the enemy from re-embarking and escaping by flight. They kindle fires through all the field, and pass the night under arms.

The time of seven-and-twenty days is employed from the opening of the poem to the end of this book. The scene here (except of the celestial machines) lies in the field toward the sea-shore.

BOOK IX

THE EMBASSY TO ACHILLES

Agamemnon, after the last day's defeat, proposes to the Greeks to quit the siege, and return to their country. Diomed opposes this, and Nestor seconds him, praising his wisdom and resolution. He orders the guard to be strengthened, and a council summoned to deliberate what measures were to be followed in this emergency. Agamemnon pursues this advice, and Nestor farther prevails upon him to send ambassadors to Achilles, in order to move to a reconciliation. Ulysses and Ajax are made choice of, who are accompanied by old Phœnix. They make, each of them, very moving and pressing speeches, but are rejected with roughness by Achilles, who notwithstanding retains Phœnix in his tent. The ambassadors return unsuccessfully to the camp, and the troops betake themselves to sleep.

This book, and the next following, take up the space of one night, which is the twenty-seventh from the beginning of the poem. The scene lies on the sea-shore, the station of the Grecian ships,

BOOK X

THE NIGHT ADVENTURES OF DIOMED AND ULYSSES

Upon the refusal of Achilles to return to the army, the distress of Agamemnon is described in the most lively manner. He takes no rest that night, but passes through the camp, awaking the leaders, and contriving all possible methods for the public safety. Menelaus, Nestor, Ulysses, and Diomed are employed in raising the rest of the captains. They call a council of war, and determine to send scouts into the enemy's camp, to learn their posture, and discover their intentions. Diomed undertakes this hazardous enterprise, and makes choice of Ulysses for his companion. In their passage they surprise Dolon, whom Hector had sent on a like design to the camp of the Grecians. From him they are informed of the situation of the Trojan and auxiliary forces, and particularly of Rhesus and the Thracians who were lately arrived. They pass on with success, kill Rhesus with several of his officers, and seize the famous horses of that prince, with which they return in triumph to the camp.

The same night continues ; the scene lies in the two camps.

BOOK XI

THE THIRD BATTLE AND THE ACTS OF AGAMEMNON

Agamemnon, having armed himself, leads the Grecians to battle ; Hector prepares the Trojans to receive them ; while Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva give the signals of war. Agamemnon bears all before him ; and Hector is commanded by Jupiter (who sends Iris for that purpose) to decline the engagement, till the king should be wounded and retire from the field. He then makes a great slaughter of the enemy ; Ulysses and Diomed put a stop to him for a time ; but the latter being wounded by Paris, is obliged to desert his companion, who is encompassed by the Trojans, wounded, and in the utmost danger, till Menelaus and Ajax rescue him. Hector comes against Ajax, but that hero alone opposes multitudes and rallies the Greeks. In the meantime Machaon, in the other wing of the army, is pierced with an

arrow by Paris, and carried from the fight in Nestor's chariot. Achilles (who overlooked the action from his ship) sends Patroclus to inquire which of the Greeks was wounded in that manner. Nestor entertains him in his tent with an account of the accidents of the day, and a long recital of some former wars which he had remembered, tending to put Patroclus upon persuading Achilles to fight for his countrymen, or at least to permit him to do it clad in Achilles' armor. Patroclus in his return meets Eurypylus, also wounded, and assists him in that distress.

This book opens with the eight-and-twentieth day of the poem ; and the same day, with its various actions and adventures, is extended through the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and part of the eighteenth books. The scene lies in the field near the monument of Ilus.

BOOK XII

THE BATTLE AT THE GRECIAN WALL

The Greeks being retired into their intrenchments, Hector attempts to force them ; but it proving impossible to pass the ditch, Polydamas advises to quit their chariots and manage the attack on foot. The Trojans follow his counsel, and having divided their army into five bodies of foot, begin the assault. But upon the signal of an eagle with a serpent in his talons, which appeared on the left hand of the Trojans, Polydamas endeavors to withdraw them again. This Hector opposes, and continues the attack ; in which, after many actions, Sarpedon makes the first breach in the wall : Hector also, casting a stone of a vast size, forces open one of the gates, and enters at the head of his troops, who victoriously pursue the Grecians even to their ships.

BOOK XIII

THE FOURTH BATTLE CONTINUED, IN WHICH NEPTUNE ASSISTS THE GREEKS : THE ACTS OF IDOMENEUS

Neptune, concerned for the loss of the Grecians, upon seeing the fortification forced by Hector (who had entered the gate near the station of the Ajaxes), assumes the shape of Chalcas, and

inspires those heroes to oppose him ; then, in the form of one of the generals, encourages the other Greeks, who had retired to their vessels. The Ajaxes form their troops into a close phalanx, and put a stop to Hector and the Trojans. Several deeds of valor are performed ; Meriones, losing his spear in the encounter, repairs to seek another at the tent of Idomeneus ; this occasions a conversation between these two warriors, who return together to the battle. Idomeneus signalizes his courage above the rest ; he kills Othryoneus, Asius, and Alcathous ; Deiphobus and Æneas march against him, and at length Idomeneus retires. Menelaus wounds Helenus, and kills Pisander. The Trojans are repulsed in the left wing. Hector still keeps his ground against the Ajaxes, till, being galled by the Locrian slingers and archers, Polydamas advises to call a council of war : Hector approves his advice, but goes first to rally the Trojans ; upbraids Paris, rejoins Polydamas, meets Ajax again, and renews the attack.

The eight-and-twentieth day still continues. The scene is between the Grecian wall and the sea-shore.

BOOK XIV

JUNO DECEIVES JUPITER BY THE GIRDLE OF VENUS

Nestor, sitting at the table with Machaon, is alarmed with the increasing clamor of the war, and hastens to Agamemnon : on his way he meets that prince with Diomed and Ulysses, whom he informs of the extremity of the danger. Agamemnon proposes to make their escape by night, which Ulysses withstands ; to which Diomed adds his advice, that, wounded as they were, they should go forth and encourage the army with their presence ; which advice is pursued. Juno, seeing the partiality of Jupiter to the Trojans, forms a design to overreach him ; she sets off her charms with the utmost care, and (the more surely to enchant him) obtains the magic girdle of Venus. She then applies herself to the god of Sleep, and with some difficulty persuades him to seal the eyes of Jupiter ; this done, she goes to Mount Ida, where the god at first sight is ravished with her beauty, sinks in her embraces, and is laid asleep. Neptune takes advantage of his slumber, and succors the Greeks ; Hector is struck to the ground with a prodigious stone by Ajax, and carried off from the battle :

several actions succeed ; till the Trojans, much distressed, are obliged to give way ; the lesser Ajax signalizes himself in a particular manner.

BOOK XV

THE FIFTH BATTLE, AT THE SHIPS ; AND THE ACTS OF AJAX

Jupiter, awaking, sees the Trojans repulsed from the trenches, Hector in a swoon, and Neptune at the head of the Greeks ; he is highly incensed at the artifice of Juno, who appeases him by her submissions ; she is then sent to Iris and Apollo. Juno, repairing to the assembly of the gods, attempts with extraordinary address to incense them against Jupiter ; in particular she touches Mars with a violent resentment ; he is ready to take arms but is prevented by Minerva. Iris and Apollo obey the orders of Jupiter ; Iris commands Neptune to leave the battle, to which, after much reluctance and passion, he consents. Apollo reinspires Hector with vigor, brings him back to the battle, marches before him with his ægis, and turns the fortune of the fight. He breaks down great part of the Grecian wall ; the Trojans rush in, and attempt to fire the first line of the fleet, but are yet repelled by the greater Ajax with a prodigious slaughter.

BOOK XVI

THE SIXTH BATTLE ; THE ACTS AND DEATH OF PATROCLUS

Patroclus (in pursuance of the request of Nestor in the eleventh book) entreats Achilles to suffer him to go to the assistance of the Greeks with Achilles' troops and armor. He agrees to it, but at the same time charges him to content himself with rescuing the fleet without farther pursuit of the enemy. The armor, horses, soldiers, and officers of Achilles are described. Achilles offers a libation for the success of his friend, after which Patroclus leads the Myrmidons to battle. The Trojans, at the sight of Patroclus in Achilles' armor, taking him for that hero, are cast into the utmost consternation : he beats them off from the vessels, Hector himself flies, Sarpedon is killed, though Jupiter was averse to his fate. Several other particulars of the battle are described, in the

heat of which Patroclus, neglecting the orders of Achilles, pursues the foe to the walls of Troy, where Apollo repulses and disarms him. Euphorbus wounds him, and Hector kills him; which concludes the book.

BOOK XVII

THE SEVENTH BATTLE, FOR THE BODY OF PATROCLUS; THE ACTS OF MENELAUS

Menelaus, upon the death of Patroclus, defends his body from the enemy: Euphorbus, who attempts it, is slain. Hector advancing, Menelaus retires; but soon returns with Ajax, and drives him off. This Glaucus objects to Hector as a flight, who thereupon puts on the armor he had won from Patroclus, and renews the battle. The Greeks give way, till Ajax rallies them; Æneas sustains the Trojans. Æneas and Hector attempt the chariot of Achilles, which is borne off by Automedon. The horses of Achilles deplore the loss of Patroclus; Jupiter covers his body with a thick darkness; the noble prayer of Ajax on that occasion. Menelaus sends Antilochus to Achilles, with the news of Patroclus' death, then returns to the fight, where, though attacked with the utmost fury, he and Meriones, assisted by the Ajaxes, bear off the body to the ships.

The time is the evening of the eight-and-twentieth day. The scene lies in the fields before Troy.

BOOK XVIII

THE GRIEF OF ACHILLES, AND NEW ARMOR MADE HIM BY VULCAN

The news of the death of Patroclus is brought to Achilles by Antilochus. Thetis, hearing his lamentations, comes with all her sea-nymphs to comfort him. The speeches of the mother and son on this occasion. Iris appears to Achilles by the command of Juno, and orders him to show himself at the head of the intrenchments. The sight of him turns the fortune of the day, and the body of Patroclus is carried off by the Greeks. The Trojans call a council, where Hector and Polydamas disagree in

their opinions ; but the advice of the former prevails, to remain encamped in the field. The grief of Achilles over the body of Patroclus.

Thetis goes to the palace of Vulcan, to obtain new arms for her son. The description of the wonderful works of Vulcan ; and, lastly, that noble one of the shield of Achilles.

The latter part of the nine-and-twentieth day, and the night ensuing, take up this book. The scene is at Achilles' tent on the sea-shore, from whence it changes to the palace of Vulcan

BOOK XIX

THE RECONCILIATION OF ACHILLES AND AGAMEMNON

Thetis brings her son his armor made by Vulcan. She preserves the body of his friend from corruption, and commands him to assemble the army, to declare his resentment at an end. Agamemnon and Achilles are solemnly reconciled ; the speeches, presents, and ceremonies on that occasion. Achilles is with great difficulty persuaded to refrain from the battle till the troops have refreshed themselves, by the advice of Ulysses. The presents are conveyed to the tent of Achilles, where Briseïs laments over the body of Patroclus. The hero obstinately refuses all repast, and gives himself up to lamentations for his friend. Minerva descends to strengthen him, by the order of Jupiter. He arms for the fight ; his appearance described. He addresses himself to his horses, and reproaches them with the death of Patroclus. One of them is miraculously endued with voice, and inspired to prophesy his fate ; but the hero, not astonished by that prodigy, rushes with fury to the combat.

The thirtieth day. The scene is on the sea-shore.

BOOK XX

THE BATTLE OF THE GODS AND THE ACTS OF ACHILLES

Jupiter, upon Achilles' return to the battle, calls a council of the gods, and permits them to assist either party. The terrors of the combat described when the deities are engaged. Apollo encourages Æneas to meet Achilles. After a long conversation,

these two heroes encounter ; but Æneas is preserved by the assistance of Neptune. Achilles falls upon the rest of the Trojans, and is upon the point of killing Hector, but Apollo conveys him away in a cloud. Achilles pursues the Trojans with a great slaughter.

The same day continues. The scene is in the field before Troy.

BOOK XXI

THE BATTLE IN THE RIVER SCAMANDER

The Trojans fly before Achilles, some toward the town, others to the river Scamander ; he falls upon the latter with great slaughter, takes twelve captives alive, to sacrifice to the shade of Patroclus ; and kills Lycaon and Asteropæus. Scamander attacks him with all his waves ; Neptune and Pallas assist the hero ; Simois joins Scamander ; at length Vulcan, by the instigation of Juno, almost dries up the river. This combat ended, the other gods engage each other. Meanwhile Achilles continues the slaughter, and drives the rest into Troy ; Agenor only makes a stand, and is conveyed away in a cloud by Apollo, who (to delude Achilles) takes upon him Agenor's shape, and while he pursues him in that disguise, gives the Trojans an opportunity of retiring into their city.

The same day continues. The scene is on the banks and in the stream of Scamander.



ANDROMACHE FAINTS ON THE WALL

BOOK XXII

THE DEATH OF HECTOR

The Trojans being safe within the walls, Hector only stays to oppose Achilles. Priam is struck at his approach, and tries to persuade his son to re-enter the town. Hecuba joins her entreaties, but in vain. Hector consults within himself what measures to take ; but at the advance of Achilles, his resolution fails him, and he flies : Achilles pursues him thrice round the walls of Troy. The gods debate concerning the fate of Hector ; at length Minerva descends to the aid of Achilles. She deludes Hector in the shape of Deiphobus ; he stands the combat, and is slain. Achilles drags the dead body at his chariot, in the sight of Priam and Hecuba. Their lamentations, tears, and despair. Their cries reach the ears of Andromache, who, ignorant of this, was retired into the inner part of the palace ; she mounts up to the walls, and beholds her dead husband. She swoons at the spectacle. Her excess of grief and lamentation.

The thirtieth day still continues. The scene lies under the walls and on the battlements of Troy.

Thus to their bulwarks, smit with panic fear,
 The herded Ilians rush like driven deer;
 There, safe, they wipe the briny drops away,
 And drown in bowls the labors of the day.
 Close to the walls, advancing o'er the fields 5
 Beneath one roof of well-compacted shields,
 March, bending on, the Greeks' embodied pow'r's,
 Far-stretching in the shade of Trojan tow'rs.
 Great Hector singly stay'd; chain'd down by fate,
 There fix'd he stood before the Scæan gate, 10
 Still his bold arms determin'd to employ,
 The guardian still of long-defended Troy.

Apollo now to tir'd Achilles turns
 (The power confess'd in all his glory burns),
 "And what" (he cries) "has Peleus' son in view, 15
 With mortal speed a godhead to pursue?
 For not to thee to know the gods is giv'n,
 Unskill'd to trace the latent marks of heav'n.
 What boots thee now that Troy forsook the plain?
 Vain thy past labor and thy present vain: 20

1. "We have now reached the last scene of the great drama of the 'Wrath.' The fated series of events which sprang from the quarrel of Achilles and Agamemnon has reached its climax, and at the same time we feel that a still greater matter, the fate of Troy, is virtually settled. But it is in the personal contrast of the two heroes, and in the ever present sense that at the back of the earthly stage the counsel of Zeus is directing all, that we trace the supreme interest of the book, in its double aspect, human and divine.

"As befits the close of the story when all the threads converge to the climax, the narrative is throughout simple and straightforward. Minor episodes are absent, and the whole interest is centered in the two great figures, Achilles and Hector."—*Leaf*.

1-4. Literally, "Thus they throughout the city, scared like fawns, were cooling their sweat, and drinking and slaking their thirst, leaning on the fair battlements."

6. With shields held over their heads as a protection against the missiles hurled down on them from the walls.

14. burns, Homer's Phœbus Apollo, or Apollo of the silver bow, is usually translated by Pope "the source of light," or the "god who rules the day."

16. speed. Homer's usual epithet for Achilles is the "fleet-footed."

God-head, Homer makes Apollo say to Achilles, "Why do you pursue me?" identifying himself with the city of Troy.

18. latent, secret.

20. It was useless to attack the Trojans before, and me now.

Safe in their walls are now her troops bestow'd,
While here thy frantic rage attacks a god."

The chief incens'd: "Too partial god of day!
To check my conquests in the middle way:
How few in Ilion else had refuge found! 25
What gasping numbers now had bit the ground!
Thou robb'st me of a glory justly mine,
Pow'rful of godhead and of fraud divine:
Mean fame, alas! for one of heav'nly strain,
To cheat a mortal who repines in vain." 30

Then to the city, terrible and strong,
With high and haughty steps he tow'r'd along:
So the proud courser, victor of the prize,
To the near goal with double ardor flies.
Him, as he blazing shot across the field, 35
The careful eyes of Priam first beheld.
Not half so dreadful rises to the sight,
Through the thick gloom of some tempestuous night,
Orion's dog (the year when autumn weighs),
And o'er the feebler stars exerts his rays; 40
Terrific glory! for his burning breath
Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death.
So flam'd his fiery mail. Then wept the sage;
He strikes his rev'rend head, now white with age;
He lifts his wither'd arms; obtests the skies; 45
He calls his much-lov'd son with feeble cries.
The son, resolv'd Achilles' force to dare,
Full at the Scæan gates expects the war,

28. Strong from your position as a god. Achilles accuses Apollo of taking a mean advantage, presuming upon his divine power and immunity from punishment.

35. Achilles is compared to a meteor darting across the sky.

39. Orion's dog. The dog-star, Sirius, supposed to have a baneful influence, hence the hot days of summer are called "dog-days."

44. reverend, inspiring respect.

45. obtests, beseeches, calls to witness.

48. full, right in front of.

expects the war, awaits the attack.

While the sad father on the rampart stands,
 And thus adjures him with extended hands: 50
 "Ah stay not, stay not! guardless and alone;
 Hector, my lov'd, my dearest, bravest son!
 Methinks already I behold thee slain,
 And stretch'd beneath that fury of the plain.
 Implacable Achilles! might'st thou be 55
 To all the gods no dearer than to me!
 Thee vultures wild should scatter round the shore,
 And bloody dogs grow fiercer from thy gore!
 How many valiant sons I late enjoy'd,
 Valiant in vain! by thy curs'd arm destroy'd: 60
 Or, worse than slaughter'd, sold in distant isles
 To shameful bondage and unworthy toils.
 Two, while I speak, my eyes in vain explore,
 Two from one mother sprung, my Polydore
 And loved Lycaon; now perhaps no more! 65
 Oh! if in yonder hostile camp they live,
 What heaps of gold, what treasures would I give
 (Their grandsire's wealth, by right of birth their own,
 Consign'd his daughter with Lelegia's throne!)
 But if (which heav'n forbid) already lost, 70
 All pale they wander on the Stygian coast,
 What sorrows then must their sad mother know,
 What anguish I! unutterable woe!
 Yet less that anguish, less to her, to me,
 Less to all Troy, if not depriv'd of thee. 75

55. If only the gods hated you as I do !

57. Vultures. Priam could not have wished worse to his foe than this. The dead, deprived of the due funeral rites, might hover for ages on the banks of the river Styx in the lower regions waiting for Charon, the ferryman, to take them across to the Elysian fields.

69. his daughter, Laothoë. The way in which she is spoken of—as a "princess among women," and as having received a dowry from her royal father—clearly shows that she was actually a wife of Priam. Here then is an example of polygamy. Lelegia is the land of the Leleges.

Yet shun Achilles! enter yet the wall;
 And spare thyself, thy father, spare us all!
 Save thy dear life: or if a soul so brave
 Neglect that thought, thy dearer glory save.
 Pity, while yet I live, these silver hairs; 80
 While yet thy father feels the woes he bears,
 Yet curs'd with sense! a wretch, whom in his rage
 (All trembling on the verge of helpless age)
 Great Jove has plac'd, sad spectacle of pain!
 The bitter dregs of fortune's cup to drain: 85
 To fill with scenes of death his closing eyes,
 And number all his days by miseries!
 My heroes slain, my bridal bed o'erturn'd,
 My daughters ravish'd, and my city burn'd,
 My bleeding infants dash'd against the floor, 90
 These I have yet to see, perhaps yet more!
 Perhaps ev'n I, reserv'd by angry fate
 The last sad relic of my ruin'd state
 (Dire pomp of sovereign wretchedness), must fall
 And stain the pavement of my regal hall, 95
 Where famish'd dogs, late guardians of my door,
 Shall lick their mangled master's spatter'd gore.
 Yet for my sons I thank ye, gods! 'twas well:
 Well have they perish'd, for in fight they fell.
 Who dies in youth in vigor, dies the best, 100
 Struck through with wounds, all honest on the breast.
 But when the fates, in fullness of their rage,
 Spurn the hoar head of unresisting age,
 In dust the rev'rend lineaments deform,
 And pour to dogs the life-blood scarcely warm; 105

101. *honest*, a Latinism. *Honestus* has not the same meaning as our word *honest*; it means rather "glorious." Hence the wounds being in front showed that the warrior had died fighting, not struck in the back while running away.

104. *deform*, disfigure.

This, this is misery! the last, the worst,
That man can feel, man, fated to be curs'd!"

He said, and acting what no words could say,
Rent from his head the silver locks away.
With him the mournful mother bears a part; 110
Yet all their sorrows turn not Hector's heart:
The zone unbrac'd, her bosom she display'd;
And thus, fast-falling the salt tears, she said:

"Have mercy on me, O my son! revere
The words of age; attend a parent's pray'r! 115
If ever thee in these fond arms I press'd,
Or still'd thy infant clamors at this breast,
Ah! do not thus our helpless years forego,
But, by our walls secur'd, repel the foe.
Against his rage if singly thou proceed, 120
Shouldst thou (but heav'n avert it!) shouldst thou bleed,
Nor must thy corse lie honor'd on the bier,
Nor spouse, nor mother, grace thee with a tear;
Far from our pious rites, those dear remains
Must feast the vultures on the naked plains." 125

So they, while down their cheeks the torrents roll:
But fix'd remains the purpose of his soul;
Resolv'd he stands, and with a fiery glance
Expects the hero's terrible advance.
So, roll'd up in his den, the swelling snake 130
Beholds the traveler approach the brake,
When, fed with noxious herbs, his turgid veins
Have gather'd half the poisons of the plains;

112. The zone unbraced. The woman's robe in the Homeric age was fastened over the right shoulder with a brooch. Homer's phrase is "loosening the folds of her robe" (by undoing the brooch).

113. falling, letting fall.

115. attend, listen to.

118. Do not leave us destitute of your aid in our old age.

132. fed with noxious herbs. It was believed even in classical times that the bite of snakes became venomous from the poisonous herbs they ate before making their attack.

He burns, he stiffens with collected ire,
 And his red eyeballs glare with living fire. 135
 Beneath a turret, on his shield reclin'd
 He stood, and question'd thus his mighty mind:
 "Where lies my way? to enter in the wall?
 Honor and shame th' ungen'rous thought recall:
 Shall proud Polydamas before the gate 140
 Proclaim, his counsels are obey'd too late,
 Which timely follow'd but the former night,
 What numbers had been sav'd by Hector's flight?
 That wise advice rejected with disdain,
 I feel my folly in my people slain. 145
 Methinks my suff'ring country's voice I hear;
 But most her worthless sons insult my ear,
 On my rash courage charge the chance of war,
 And blame those virtues which they cannot share.
 No! If I e'er return, return I must 150
 Glorious, my country's terror laid in dust:
 Or if I perish, let her see my fall
 In field at least, and fighting for her wall.
 And yet suppose these measures I forego,
 Approach unarm'd, and parley with the foe, 155
 The warrior-shield, the helm, and lance lay down,
 And treat on terms of peace to save the town:

134. collected ire contains the double idea of accumulated poison and anger.

140. Polydamas, brother of Hector. He had on more than one occasion advocated prudence in the course of the war, and been overruled by Hector, and unbraided for cowardice. It was he who prevailed on the Trojans to draw up their chariots clear of the trench (Book XII. l. 69), and on the appearance of the eagle and serpent advised his brother to put off the attack on the ships. In Book XV. l. 396 Hector exults at having freed himself from the coward counsels of a timorous throng, and leads an unsuccessful attack upon the ships.

142. Which advice, if taken in good time only the night before, might have saved numbers.

145. Hector is a true patriot. He has little confidence in surviving the combat, and is drawn to it by a sense of duty to his city and countrymen. He fights and dies to save himself from their reproaches.

148. charge the chance, lay upon me the blame for what is only the fortune of war.

The wife withheld, the treasure ill-detain'd
 (Cause of the war and grievance of the land),
 With honorable justice to restore; 160
 And add half Ilion's yet remaining store,
 Which Troy shall, sworn, produce; that injur'd Greece
 May share our wealth, and leave our walls in peace.
 But why this thought? Unarm'd if I should go,
 What hope of mercy from this vengeful foe, 165
 But woman-like to fall, and fall without a blow?
 We greet not here as man conversing man,
 Met at an oak or journeying o'er a plain;
 No season now for calm, familiar talk,
 Like youths and maidens in an ev'ning walk: 170
 War is our business, but to whom is giv'n
 To die or triumph, that determine heav'n! "

Thus pond'ring, like a god the Greek drew nigh:
 His dreadful plumage nodded from on high;
 The Pelian jav'lin, in his better hand, 175
 Shot trembling rays that glitter'd o'er the land;
 And on his breast the beamy splendors shone
 Like Jove's own lightning or the rising sun.
 As Hector sees, unusual terrors rise,
 Struck by some god, he fears, recedes, and flies. 180
 He leaves the gates, he leaves the walls behind;
 Achilles follows like the winged wind.

180. **Struck by some God.** No god is hinted at in the original. This is Pope's protest against the improbability of the great Hector turning and fleeing from the spear of an enemy. The inconsistency has long been a puzzle to scholars. Mr. Andrew Lang speaks of it as follows:

"In a saga or a *chanson de geste*, in an Arthurian romance, in a Border ballad, in whatever poem or tale answers in our Northern literature, however feebly, to Homer, this flight round the walls of Troy would be an absolute impossibility. Under the eyes of his father, his mother, his countrymen, Hector flies—the gallant Hector, 'a very perfect gentle knight'—from the onset of a single foe. Can we fancy Skarphedin, or Gunnar, or Grettir, or Olaf Howard's son flying from one enemy? Can we imagine Lancelot of the Lake, who naked held Guinevere's bower against an armed multitude, retreating from before a single knight? No balladmonger would have been believed who said that the Douglas or the Percy turned his back on a foe. Assuredly the hearers of the sagas, the audience of the *Trouvère* who chanted

Thus at the panting dove the falcon flies
 (The swiftest racer of the liquid skies),
 Just when he holds, or thinks he holds, his prey, 185
 Obliquely wheeling through th' aërial way,
 With open beak and shrilling cries he springs,
 And aims his claws, and shoots upon his wings:
 No less fore-right the rapid chase they held,
 One urg'd by fury, one by fear impell'd; 190
 Now circling round the walls their course maintain,
 Where the high watch-tow'r overlooks the plain;
 Now where the fig trees spread their umbrage broad
 (A wider compass), smoke along the road.
 Next by Scamander's double source they bound, 195
 Where two fam'd fountains burst the parted ground:
 This hot through scorching clefts is seen to rise,
 With exhalations streaming to the skies;
 That the green banks in summer's heat o'erflows,
 Like crystal clear, and cold as winter snows. 200
 Each gushing fount a marble cistern fills,
 Whose polish'd bed receives the falling rills;
 Where Trojan dames (e'er yet alarm'd by Greece)
 Wash'd their fair garments in the days of peace.
 By these they pass'd, one chasing, one in flight 205
 (The mighty fled, pursued by stronger might);

that lost fight in Roncesvaux, or the readers of Mallory, or Sidney, who loved to listen to *Chevy Chase* from the lips of a blind crowder, would all have rejected the twenty-second book and the story of Hector's flight. We do not, of course, reject it. Homer's world, Homer's chivalry, Homer's ideas of knightly honor, were all unlike those of the Christian and the Northern world. Roland will not even blow a blast on that dread horn for all the multitudes of the paynims. But Hector, the hope of Troy, fled thrice round the walls from a single spear."

184. liquid, clear.

189. fore-right, straight on.

194. smoke, raise a cloud of dust as they run.

195. Scamander's double source. The two springs have been the foundation of the attempts of archæologists to fix the site of Troy. It is now the accepted opinion that the topography of the *Iliad* is to some extent imaginary, and in this case the two springs in question have been proved to exist on the slope of Mt. Ida, more than twenty miles away from any possible site of Troy.

Swift was the course; no vulgar prize they play,
 No vulgar victim must reward the day
 (Such as in races crown the speedy strife):
 The prize contended was great Hector's life. 210

As when some hero's fun'rals are decreed,
 In grateful honor of the mighty dead,
 Where high rewards the vig'rous youth inflame
 (Some golden tripod or some lovely dame),
 The panting coursers swiftly turn the goal, 215
 And with them turns the rais'd spectator's soul:
 Thus three times round the Trojan wall they fly;
 The gazing gods lean forward from the sky:
 To whom, while eager on the chase they look,
 The sire of mortals and immortals spoke: 220

"Unworthy sight! the man belov'd of heav'n,
 Behold, inglorious round yon city driv'n!
 My heart partakes the gen'rous Hector's pain;
 Hector, whose zeal whole hecatombs has slain,
 Whose grateful fumes the gods receiv'd with joy, 225
 From Ida's summits and the towers of Troy:
 Now see him flying! to his fears resign'd,
 And Fate and fierce Achilles close behind.
 Consult, ye pow'rs ('tis worthy your debate)
 Whether to snatch him from impending fate, 230
 Or let him bear, by stern Pelides slain
 (Good as he is), the lot impos'd on man?"

207. no vulgar prize they play. No common or trifling matter is at stake, but Hector's life.

209. speedy strife, chariot or foot-race.

214. tripod. A tripod was a three-legged stool, sacred because used in connection with sacrifices and worship of the gods. The priestess of Apollo at Delphi used to deliver her inspired utterances seated on a tripod.

215. Turn the goal. In the chariot races the competitors had to wheel round the goal and back again to the starting-point.

218. The gods of Olympus are compared to the eager spectators at the games, each supporting his own champion.

225. grateful fumes, the pleasing odor of his sacrifices.

Then Pallas thus: "Shall he whose vengeance
forms

The forky bolt, and blackens heav'n with storms,
Shall he prolong one Trojan's forfeit breath! 235

A man, a mortal, preordain'd to death!

And will no murmurs fill the courts above?

No gods indignant blame their partial Jove?"

"Go then" (return'd the sire), "without delay;
Exert thy will: I give the fates their way." 240

Swift at the mandate pleas'd Tritonia flies,

And stoops impetuous from the cleaving skies.

As through the forest, o'er the vale and lawn,

The well-breath'd beagle drives the flying fawn:

In vain he tries the covert of the brakes, 245

Or deep beneath the trembling thicket shakes:

Sure of the vapor in the tainted dew,

The certain hound his various maze pursues.

Thus step by step, where'er the Trojan wheel'd,

There swift Achilles compass'd round the field. 250

Oft as to reach the Dardan gates he bends,

And hopes th' assistance of his pitying friends

(Whose show'ring arrows, as he cours'd below,

From the high turrets might oppress the foe),

So oft Achilles turns him to the plain: 255

He eyes the city, but he eyes in vain.

235. *forfeit*, a past participle. Hector must die, as he is a mortal, and therefore doomed to death; but he is also condemned as one of the "perjured race."

238. *indignant*. The Jupiter of Homer is by no means monarch of all he surveys. Serious rebellions had frequently taken place, Juno being especially refractory, while Neptune claimed sole power over the ocean.

238. The partisans of Greece had long suspected that Jupiter had given some promise to favor the Trojans.

242. *cleaving*. The skies make way before her rapid flight.

248. The hound scents the fawn, and, unerring, tracks his winding flight.

254. In hopes that his friends might overpower Achilles with a volley of arrows.

As men in slumbers seem with speedy pace
One to pursue and one to lead the chase,
Their sinking limbs the fancied course forsake,
Nor this can fly, nor that can overtake: 260
No less the lab'ring heroes pant and strain,
While that but flies, and this pursues, in vain.

What god, O Muse! assisted Hector's force,
With fate itself so long to hold the course?
Phœbus it was: who, in his latest hour, 265
Endued his knees with strength, his nerves with pow'r.
And great Achilles, lest some Greek's advance
Should snatch the glory from his lifted lance,
Sign'd to the troops to yield his foe the way,
And leave untouch'd the honors of the day. 270

Jove lifts the golden balances, that show
The fates of mortal men and things below:
Here each contending hero's lot he tries,
And weighs, with equal hand, their destinies.
Low sinks the scale surcharg'd with Hector's fate; 275
Heavy with death it sinks, and hell receives the weight.

Then Phœbus left him. Fierce Minerva flies
To stern Pelides, and, triumphing, cries:
"O lov'd of Jove! this day our labors cease,
And conquest blazes with full beams on Greece. 280
Great Hector falls; that Hector, fam'd so far,
Drunk with renown, insatiable of war,
Falls by thy hand and mine! nor force nor flight
Shall more avail him nor his god of light.

257. Note the wonderful variety of Homer's similes; the inability of Hector to escape, or his foe to overtake him, are compared to a nightmare. This is the only simile taken from a dream.

263. O muse. Calliope, muse of epic poetry. Cf. Book I. l. 1.

264. To maintain the struggle against Fate itself.

282. insatiable of war, never satisfied with fighting, ever wanting more.

See, where in vain he supplicates above, 285
Roll'd at the feet of unrelenting Jove!

Rest here: myself will lead the Trojan on,
And urge to meet the fate he cannot shun."

Her voice divine the chief with joyful mind
Obey'd, and rested, on his lance reclin'd, 290
While like Deïphobus the martial dame
(Her face, her gesture, and her arms the same),
In show and aid, by hapless Hector's side
Approach'd, and greets him thus with voice belied:

"Too long, O Hector! have I borne the sight 295
Of this distress, and sorrow'd in thy flight:
It fits us now a noble stand to make,
And here, as brothers, equal fates partake."

Then he: "O prince! allied in blood and fame,
Dearer than all that own a brother's name; 300
Of all that Hecuba to Priam bore,
Long tried, long lov'd; much lov'd, but honor'd more!
Since you of all our num'rous race alone
Defend my life, regardless of your own."

Again the goddess: "Much my father's pray'r, 305
And much my mother's, press'd me to forbear:
My friends embrac'd my knees, adjur'd my stay,
But stronger love impell'd, and I obey.
Come then, the glorious conflict let us try,
Let the steel sparkle and the jav'lin fly: 310
Or let us stretch Achilles on the field,
Or to his arm our bloody trophies yield."

291. *martial dame*. Pope generally styles her the "warlike maid," or the "blue-eyed maid."

292. *the same*; *i. e.*, as those of Deïphobus, Hector's brother.

293. *in show an aid*, to all appearance an ally.

307. *adjured my stay*, besought me to remain at home.

312. *trophies*. The word means properly a complete suit of armor set up by the Greeks on the spot where they had routed the enemy.

Fraudful she said; then swiftly march'd before;
 The Dardan hero shuns his foe no more.
 Sternly they met. The silence Hector broke; 315
 His dreadful plumage nodded as he spoke:
 "Enough, O son of Peleus! Troy has view'd
 Her walls thrice circled, and her chief pursu'd.
 But now some god within me bids me try
 Thine or my fate: I kill thee or I die. 320
 Yet on the verge of battle let us stay,
 And for a moment's space suspend the day:
 Let heav'n's high pow'rs be call'd to arbitrate
 The just conditions of this stern debate.
 (Eternal witnesses of all below, 325
 And faithful guardians of the treasur'd vow!)
 To them I swear: if, victor in the strife,
 Jove by these hands shall shed thy noble life,
 No vile dishonor shall thy corse pursue;
 Stripp'd of its arms alone (the conqu'ror's due), 330
 The rest to Greece uninjur'd I'll restore:
 Now plight thy mutual oath, I ask no more."
 "Talk not of oaths" (the dreadful chief replies,
 While anger flashed from his disdainful eyes),
 "Detested as thou art and ought to be, 335
 Nor oath nor pact Achilles plights with thee;
 Such pacts as lambs and rabid wolves combine,
 Such leagues as men and furious lions join,

322. the day, the fight.

324. Achilles might be excused from listening to this proposal. It was Hector himself who had offered a truce to the Greeks during the combat between Paris and Menelaus, a truce which had been ratified with most solemn rites; but all was disturbed by the treachery of the Trojan Pandarus, who wounded Menelaus with an arrow.

331. Greece, the Greeks.

332. plight, pledge me your word in exchange for mine.

336. pact, agreement.

337. Just as there can be no truce between lamb and wolf, lion and man, so is there eternal hatred between you and me.

To such I call the gods! one constant state
Of lasting rancor and eternal hate: 340

No thought but rage and never-ceasing strife,
Till death extinguish rage, and thought, and life.
Rouse then thy forces this important hour,
Collect thy soul, and call forth all thy pow'r.
No farther subterfuge, no farther chance; 345
'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives thee to my lance.

Each Grecian ghost by thee depriv'd of breath,
Now hovers round, and calls thee to thy death."

He spoke, and launch'd his jav'lin at the foe;
But Hector shunn'd the meditated blow; 350
He stoop'd, while o'er his head the flying spear
Sung innocent, and spent its force in air.
Minerva watch'd it falling on the land,
Then drew, and gave to great Achilles' hand,
Unseen of Hector, who, elate with joy, 355
Now shakes his lance, and braves the dread of Troy.

"The life you boasted to that jav'lin,
Prince! you have miss'd. My fate depends on heav'n.
To thee (presumptuous as thou art) unknown
Or what must prove my fortune or thy own. 360
Boasting is but an art, our fears to blind,
And with false terrors sink another's mind.
But know, whatever fate I am to try,
By no dishonest wound shall Hector die;

345. subterfuge, no more trickery or attempt at escape.

352. Sung innocent, whistled harmlessly over his head.

354. Minerva drew out the spear from the ground in which it had stuck, and gave it back to Achilles without Hector seeing it, so that the latter, thinking his chance had now come, hurls his own spear, and then rushes on with the sword, only to be pierced with the spear of Achilles.

359. Boastful as you are you know not what is to be my fate, or your own.

361. Boasting is only an artifice to hide our own fears, and strike them into the heart of our foe.

363. try, experience.

364. dishonest. Hector shall die with his face to the foe and his wounds in front. Cf. above, line 52.

I shall not fall a fugitive at least, 365
 My soul shall bravely issue from my breast.
 But first, try thou my arm; and may this dart
 End all my country's woes, deep buried in thy heart!"

The weapon flew, its course unerring held;
 Unerring, but the heav'nly shield repell'd 370
 The mortal dart; resulting with a bound
 From off the ringing orb, it struck the ground.

Hector beheld his jav'lin fall in vain,
 Nor other lance nor other hope remain;
 He calls Deïphobus, demands a spear, 375
 In vain, for no Deïphobus was there.

All comfortless he stands: then with a sigh:
 "'Tis so—heaven wills it, and my hour is nigh!
 I deemed Deïphobus had heard my call,
 But he secure lies guarded in the wall. 380
 A god deceiv'd me; Pallas, 'twas thy deed.

Death and black fate approach! 'Tis I must bleed.
 No refuge now, no succor from above,
 Great Jove deserts me and the son of Jove,
 Propitious once and kind! Then welcome fate! 385

"'Tis true I perish, yet I perish great:
 Yet in a mighty deed I shall expire,
 Let future ages hear it, and admire!"

Fierce, at the word, his weighty sword he drew,
 And, all collected, on Achilles flew. 390
 So Jove's bold bird, high-balanc'd in the air,
 Stoops from the clouds to truss the quiv'ring hare.

366. soul, my life and my life-blood.

371. mortal, either made by man, as contrasted with the "heavenly" shield of Vulcan's handiwork, or in the sense of death-dealing.
 resulting, rebounding.

384. son, Apollo.

390. all collected, gathering all his strength.
 truss, to snatch up in its talons.

Nor less Achilles his fierce soul prepares;
 Before his breast the flaming shield he bears.
 Refulgent orb! Above his fourfold cone 395
 The gilded horsehair sparkled in the sun,
 Nodding at ev'ry step (Vulcanian frame!);
 And as he mov'd, his figure seem'd on flame.
 As radiant Hesper shines with keener light,
 Far-beaming o'er the silver host of night, 400
 When all the starry train emblaze the sphere:
 So shone the point of great Achilles' spear.
 In his right hand he waves the weapon round,
 Eyes the whole man, and meditates the wound;
 But the rich mail Patroclus lately wore, 405
 Securely cas'd the warrior's body o'er.
 One place at length he spies, to let in fate,
 Where 'twixt the neck and throat the jointed plate
 Gave entrance: through that penetrable part
 Furious he drove the well-directed dart: 410
 Nor pierc'd the windpipe yet, nor took the pow'r
 Of speech, unhappy! from thy dying hour.
 Prone on the field the bleeding warrior lies,
 While thus, triumphing, stern Achilles cries:
 " At last is Hector stretch'd upon the plain, 415
 Who fear'd no vengeance for Patroclus slain:
 Then, prince! you should have fear'd what now you feel;
 Achilles absent was Achilles still.

395. *Refulgent orb*, the shining circle of the shield.
fourfold cone, a helmet with two raised ornaments on either side, supporting the part in which the crest was fixed.

397. (*Vulcanian frame*), for it was made by Vulcan.

399. *Hesper*, the evening star.

401. *sphere*, the vault of heaven.

402. Compare the original. "So flashed there forth a light from the keen spear Achilles poised in his right hand, devising mischief against noble Hector, eying his fair flesh to find the fittest place."

404. *meditates the wound*, thinks where he shall plant the blow.

Yet a short space the great avenger stay'd,
 Then low in dust thy strength and glory laid. 420
 Peaceful he sleeps, with all our rites adorn'd,
 For ever honor'd and for ever mourn'd;
 While, cast to all the rage of hostile pow'r,
 Thee birds shall mangle and the dogs devour."

Then Hector, fainting at th' approach of death: 425
 "By thy own soul! by those who gave thee breath!
 By all the sacred prevalence of pray'r;
 Ah, leave me not for Grecian dogs to tear!
 The common rites of sepulture bestow,
 To soothe a father's and a mother's woe; 430
 Let their large gifts procure an urn at least,
 And Hector's ashes in his country rest."

"No, wretch accurs'd!" relentlessly he replies
 (Flames, as he spoke, shot flashing from his eyes),
 "Not those who gave me breath should bid me spare,
 Nor all the sacred prevalence of pray'r. 436
 Could I myself the bloody banquet join!
 No! to the dogs that carcass I resign.
 Should Troy to bribe me bring forth all her store,
 And, giving thousands, offer thousands more; 440
 Should Dardan Priam and his weeping dame
 Drain their whole realm to buy one fun'ral flame;
 Their Hector on the pile they should not see,
 Nor rob the vultures of one limb of thee."

427. prevalence, power.

429. Homer does not make Hector ask his conqueror to give him due funeral rites, but merely to accept the ransom which Priam and Hecuba would surely offer in exchange for his body.

435. My own father and mother could not induce me to spare you.

437. "This expression of Achilles is not to be taken, as some have supposed, in the light of an indication that the idea of cannibalism still lingered in Greece. It is, in fact, the utter impossibility of cannibalism which is made the strongest asseveration of Hector's fate: 'As surely as I cannot eat thee myself, so surely the dogs shall eat thee.'"—*Leaf*.

Then thus the chief his dying accents drew: 445
 "Thy rage implacable! too well I knew:
 The furies that relentless breast have steel'd,
 And curs'd thee with a heart that cannot yield.
 Yet think, a day will come, when fate's decree
 And angry gods shall wreak this wrong on thee; 450
 Phœbus and Paris shall avenge my fate,
 And stretch thee here, before this Scæan gate."

He ceas'd. The fates suppress'd his lab'ring breath,
 And his eyes stiffen'd at the hand of death;
 To the dark realm the spirit wings its way 455
 (The manly body left a load of clay),
 And plaintive glides along the dreary coast,
 A naked, wand'ring, melancholy ghost!

Achilles, musing as he roll'd his eyes
 O'er the dead hero, thus (unheard) replies: 460
 "Die thou the first! when Jove and heav'n ordain,
 I follow thee."—He said, and stripp'd the slain.
 Then, forcing backward from the gaping wound
 The reeking jav'lin, cast it on the ground.
 The thronging Greeks behold with wond'ring eyes 465
 His manly beauty and superior size:

445. drew, gasped out with difficulty, his last words.

447-448. Cf. the description of Achilles given by Patroclus himself, "men unborn, and ages yet behind, shall curse that fierce, that unforgiving mind."

447. Furies, daughters of Earth or of Night, winged maidens, with snakes for hair, and blood dripping from their eyes; they lived in Tartarus, hated by gods and men alike. They punished men both in this world and the next, especially for such crimes as cruelty toward suppliants, murder, and disobedience to parents. The Greeks called them the Eumenides, or kindly goddesses, fearing to call such dreaded powers by their real name.

449. Hector, like Patroclus, sees all things clearly in the hour of death. Patroclus had said, "I see thee fall, and by Achilles' hand." It was Apollo, god of the silver bow, who guided the arrow of Paris into the vulnerable heel of Achilles.

457. plaintive, lamenting his untimely fate. Cf. Vergil's "*vitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras*."

458. The Homeric warrior has little comfort in death. His is no "immortal soul, freed from the muddy vesture of decay, which grossly closed it in," but a disembodied shade, reluctantly quitting the scene of glories on earth for a dreary unrest by the banks of Styx.

465. "The admiration expressed for the dead body is a thoroughly Greek

While some, ignobler, the great dead deface
 With wounds ungen'rous or with taunts disgrace:
 "How chang'd that Hector who, like Jove, of late
 Sent lightning on our fleets and scatter'd fate!" 470

High o'er the slain the great Achilles stands,
 Begirt with heroes and surrounding bands;
 And thus aloud, while all the host attends:
 "Princes and leaders! countrymen and friends!
 Since now at length the pow'rful will of heav'n 475
 The dire destroyer to our arm has giv'n,
 Is not Troy fall'n already? Haste, ye pow'rs!
 See if already their deserted tow'rs
 Are left unmann'd; or if they yet retain
 The souls of heroes, their great Hector slain. 480
 But what is Troy, or glory what to me?
 Or why reflects my mind on aught but thee,
 Divine Patroclus! Death has seal'd his eyes:
 Unwept, unhonor'd, uninterr'd he lies!
 Can his dear image from my soul depart, 485
 Long as the vital spirit moves my heart?
 If, in the melancholy shades below,
 The flames of friends and lovers cease to glow,
 Yet mine shall sacred last; mine, undecay'd,
 Burn on through death and animate my shade. 490
 Meanwhile, ye sons of Greece! in triumph bring
 The corpse of Hector, and your Pæans sing.

touch. Compare the way in which Herodotus speaks of the body of the Persian general Masistios, found on the battlefield of Plataia (IX. 25). "They placed the body in a wagon, and carried it along the ranks, and it was wonderful by reason of its size and beauty; and it was for this reason that they did so, and the men left the ranks and crowded to admire Masistios."—*Leaf*. The mutilation of the body, however, strikes us as particularly brutal. We must remember that the Greeks believed that this prevented the spirit from taking revenge. It is not so long since we have got rid of a survival of the same belief; for suicides used to be buried with a stake driven through them, simply in order to prevent their ghosts from "walking."

492. Pæans. The pæan is the song of victory to be chanted by his men on

Be this the song, slow moving tow'rd the shore,
 'Hector is dead and Ilion is no more.' "

Then his fell soul a thought of vengeance bred 495
 (Unworthy of himself and of the dead):

The nervous ankles bor'd, his feet he bound
 With thongs inserted through the double wound;
 These fix'd up high behind the rolling wain,
 His graceful head was trail'd along the plain. 500

Proud on his car th' insulting victor stood,
 And bore aloft his arms, distilling blood.
 He smites the steeds; the rapid chariot flies;
 The sudden clouds of circling dust arise.
 Now lost is all that formidable air; 505

The face divine and long-descending hair
 Purple the ground, and streak the sable sand;
 Deform'd, dishonor'd, in his native land!
 Giv'n to the rage of an insulting throng!
 And, in his parents' sight, now dragg'd along! 510

The mother first beheld with sad survey;
 She rent her tresses, venerable gray,
 And cast far off the regal veils away.
 With piercing shrieks his bitter fate she moans,
 While the sad father answers groans with groans; 515
 Tears after tears his mournful cheeks o'erflow,
 And the whole city wears one face of woe:

their way back to the ships. The literal translation is, "But come, ye sons of the Achæans, let us now, singing our song of victory, go back to the hollow ships and take with us our foe. Great glory have we won; we have slain the noble Hector, unto whom the Trojans prayed throughout their city, as he had been a god." The words "Great glory," etc., are the pæan. Note the weakness of Pope's translation.

497. Nervous, sinewy.

499-502. Literally, "And when he had mounted the chariot, and lifted therein the famous armor, he lashed his horses to speed, and they nothing loath flew on. And dust rose behind him that was dragged, and his dark hair flowed loose on either side, and in the dust lay all his once fair head."

512-517. Literally, "But his mother, when she beheld her son, tore her hair

No less than if the rage of hostile fires,
From her foundations curling to her spires,
O'er the proud citadel at length should rise, 520
And the last blaze send Ilion to the skies.
The wretched monarch of the falling state,
Distracted, presses to the Dardan gate.
Scarce the whole people stop his desp'rate course,
While strong affliction gives the feeble force: 525
Grief tears his heart, and drives him to and fro
In all the raging impotence of woe.
At length he roll'd in dust, and thus begun,
Imploring all, and naming one by one:
"Ah! let me, let me go where sorrow calls; 530
I, only I, will issue from your walls
(Guide or companion, friends! I ask ye none),
And bow before the murd'rer of my son.
My grief perhaps his pity may engage;
Perhaps at least he may respect my age. 535
He has a father too; a man like me;
One not exempt from age and misery
(Vig'rous no more, as when his young embrace
Begot his pest of me and all my race).
How many valiant sons, in early bloom, 540
Has that curs'd hand sent headlong to the tomb!
Thee, Hector! last: thy loss (divinely brave!)
Sinks my sad soul with sorrow to the grave.
Oh had thy gentle spirit pass'd in peace,
The son expiring in the sire's embrace, 545
While both thy parents wept thy fatal hour,
And, bending o'er thee, mix'd the tender show'r!

and cast far from her her shining veil, and cried aloud with an exceeding bitter cry. And piteously moaned his father, and around them the folk fell to crying and moaning throughout the town."

Some comfort that had been, some sad relief,
To melt in full satiety of grief! ”

Thus wail'd the father, grov'ling on the ground, 550
And all the eyes of Ilion stream'd around.

Amidst her matrons Hecuba appears
(A mourning princess, and a train in tears):
“ Ah! why has heaven prolong'd this hated breath,
Patient of horrors, to behold thy death? 555
O Hector! late thy parents' pride and joy,
The boast of nations! the defense of Troy!
To whom her safety and her fame she ow'd,
Her chief, her hero, and almost her god!
O fatal change! become in one sad day 560
A senseless corpse! inanimated clay! ”

But not as yet the fatal news had spread
To fair Andromache, of Hector dead;
As yet no messenger had told his fate,
Nor ev'n his stay without the Scæan gate. 565
Far in the close recesses of the dome
Pensive she plied the melancholy loom;
A growing work employ'd her secret hours,
Confus'dly gay with intermingled flow'rs.
Her fair-hair'd handmaids heat the brazen urn, 570
The bath preparing for her lord's return:
In vain; alas! her lord returns no more!
Unbath'd he lies, and bleeds along the shore!
Now from the walls the clamors reach her ear,
And all her members shake with sudden fear; 575
Forth from her iv'ry hand the shuttle falls,
As thus, astonish'd, to her maids she calls:

549. In Pope's translation, this passage describing the father's agony rings false throughout. Pope's studied phrases can never do justice to the tragic pathos of Homer's simple words.

“ Ah, follow me! ” (she cried) “ what plaintive noise
Invades my ear? ’Tis sure my mother’s voice.
My falt’ring knees their trembling frame desert, 580
A pulse unusual flutters at my heart.
Some strange disaster, some reverse of fate
(Ye gods avert it!) threatens the Trojan state.
Far be the omen which my thoughts suggest!
But much I fear my Hector’s dauntless breast 585
Confronts Achilles; chas’d along the plain,
Shut from our walls! I fear, I fear him slain!
Safe in the crowd he ever scorn’d to wait,
And sought for glory in the jaws of fate:
Perhaps that noble heat has cost his breath, 590
Now quench’d for ever in the arms of death.”

She spoke; and, furious, with distracted pace,
Fears in her heart and anguish in her face,
Flies through the dome (the maids her step pursue),
And mounts the walls, and sends around her view. 595
Too soon her eyes the killing object found,
The god-like Hector dragg’d along the ground.
A sudden darkness shades her swimming eyes:
She faints, she falls; her breath, her color, flies!
Her hair’s fair ornaments, the braids that bound, 600
The net that held them, and the wreath that crown’d,
The veil and diadem flew far away
(The gift of Venus on her bridal day).
Around a train of weeping sisters stands,
To raise her sinking with assistant hands. 605
Scarce from the verge of death recall’d, again
She faints, or but recovers to complain:
“ O wretched husband of a wretched wife!
Born with one fate, to one unhappy life!

For sure one star its baneful beam display'd 610
On Priam's roof and Hippoplacia's shade.
From diff'rent parents, diff'rent climes, we came,
At diff'rent periods, yet our fate the same!
Why was my birth to great Eëtion ow'd,
And why was all that tender care bestow'd? 615
Would I had never been!—O thou, the ghost
Of my dead husband! miserably lost!
Thou to the dismal realms for ever gone!
And I abandon'd, desolate, alone!
An only child, once comfort of my pains, 620
Sad product now of hapless love, remains!
No more to smile upon his sire! no friend
To help him now! no father to defend!
For should he 'scape the sword, the common doom,
What wrongs attend him, and what griefs to come! 625
Ev'n from his own paternal roof expell'd,
Some stranger plows his patrimonial field.
The day that to the shades the father sends,
Robs the sad orphan of his father's friends:
He, wretched outcast of mankind! appears 630
For ever sad, for ever bath'd in tears;
Amongst the happy, unregarded he
Hangs on the robe or trembles at the knee;
While those his father's former bounty fed
Nor reach the goblet nor divide the bread: 635
The kindest but his present wants allay,
To leave him wretched the succeeding day.
Frugal compassion! Heedless, they who boast
Both parents still, nor feel what he has lost,
Shall cry, 'Begone! thy father feasts not here': 640
The wretch obeys, retiring with a tear.

Thus wretched, thus retiring all in tears,
To my sad soul Astyanax appears!
Forc'd by repeated insults to return,
And to his widowed mother vainly mourn. 645
He who, with tender delicacy bred,
With princes sported and on dainties fed,
And, when still ev'ning gave him up to rest,
Sunk soft in down upon the nurse's breast,
Must—ah! what must he not? Whom Ilion calls 650
Astyanax, from her well-guarded walls,
Is now that name no more, unhappy boy!
Since now no more the father guards his Troy.
But thou, my Hector! li'st expos'd in air,
Far from thy parents' and thy consort's care, 655
Whose hand in vain, directed by her love,
The martial scarf and robe of triumph wove.
Now to devouring flames be these a prey,
Useless to thee, from this accursed day!
Yet let the sacrifice at least be paid, 660
And honor to the living, not the dead!”

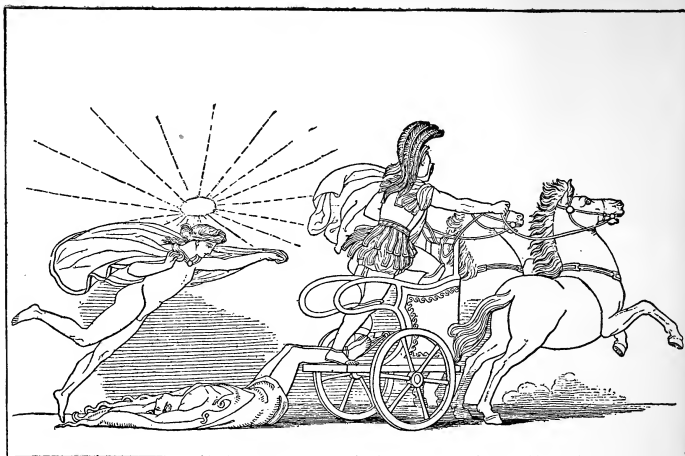
So spake the mournful dame: her matrons hear,
Sigh back her sighs, and answer tear with tear.

BOOK XXIII

FUNERAL GAMES IN HONOR OF PATROCLUS

Achilles and the Myrmidons do honors to the body of Patroclus. After the funeral feast he retires to the sea-shore, where, falling asleep, the ghost of his friend appears to him, and demands the rites of burial : the next morning the soldiers are sent with mules and wagons to fetch wood for the pyre. The funeral procession, and the offering their hair to the dead. Achilles sacrifices several animals, and lastly, twelve Trojan captives, at the pile ; then sets fire to it. He pays libations to the winds, which (at the instance of Iris) rise, and raise the flame. When the pile has burned all night, they gather the bones, place them in an urn of gold, and raise the tomb. Achilles institutes the funeral games: the chariot-race, the fight of the *cæstus*, the wrestling, the foot-race, the single combat, the discus, the shooting with arrows, the darting the javelin : the various descriptions of which, and the various success of the several antagonists, make the greatest part of the book.

In this book ends the thirtieth day : the night following, the ghost of Patroclus appears to Achilles : the one-and-thirtieth day is employed in felling the timber for the pile ; the two-and-thirtieth in burning it ; and the three-and-thirtieth in the games. The scene is generally on the sea-shore.



THE BODY OF HECTOR DRAGGED AROUND THE TOMB OF PATROCLUS

BOOK XXIV

THE REDEMPTION OF THE BODY OF HECTOR

The gods deliberate about the redemption of Hector's body. Jupiter sends Thetis to Achilles to dispose him for the restoring it, and Iris to Priam, to encourage him to go in person and treat for it. The old king, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his queen, makes ready for the journey, to which he is encouraged by an omen from Jupiter. He sets forth in his chariot, with a wagon loaded with presents, under the charge of Idæus the herald. Mercury descends in the shape of a young man, and conducts him to the pavilion of Achilles. Their conversation on the way. Priam finds Achilles at his table, casts himself at his feet, and begs for the body of his son : Achilles, moved with compassion, grants his request, detains him one night in his tent, and the next morning sends him home with the body : the Trojans run out to meet him. The lamentation of Andromache, Hecuba, and Helen, with the solemnities of the funeral.

The time of twelve days is employed in this book, while the

body of Hector lies in the tent of Achilles. And as many more are spent in the truce allowed for his interment. The scene is partly in Achilles' camp, and partly in Troy.

Now from the finish'd games the Grecian band
Seek their black ships, and clear the crowded strand:
All stretch'd at ease the genial banquet share,
And pleasing slumbers quiet all their care.
Not so Achilles: he, to grief resign'd, 5
His friend's dear image present to his mind,
Takes his sad couch, more unobserv'd to weep,
Nor tastes the gifts of all-composing sleep.
Restless he roll'd around his weary bed,
And all his soul on his Patroclus fed: 10
The form so pleasing and the heart so kind,
That youthful vigor and that manly mind,
What toils they shar'd, what martial works they
wrought,
What seas they measur'd and what fields they fought;—
All pass'd before him in remembrance dear: 15
Thought follows thought, and tear succeeds to tear.
And now supine, now prone, the hero lay;
Now shifts his side, impatient for the day;
Then starting up, disconsolate he goes
Wide on the lonely beach to vent his woes. 20
There as the solitary mourner raves,
The ruddy morning rises o'er the waves:

1. "The supreme beauty of the last book of the *Iliad*, and the divine pathos of the dying fall in which the tale of strife and blood passes away, are above all words of praise. The meeting of Priam and Achilles, the kissing of the deadly hands, and the simplicity of infinite sadness over man's fate in Achilles' reply, mark the high tide of a great epoch of poetry. In them we feel that the whole range of suffering has been added to the unsurpassed presentment of action, which, without this book, might seem to be the crowning glory of the *Iliad*. In the *Iliad* itself there is nothing that we can compare with this save the equally supreme scene of the parting of Hector and Andromache."—*Leaf*.

Soon as it rose, his furious steeds he join'd;
 The chariot flies, and Hector trails behind.
 And thrice, Patroclus! round thy monument 25
 Was Hector dragg'd, then hurried to the tent.
 There sleep at last o'ercomes the hero's eyes;
 While foul in dust th' unhonor'd carcass lies,
 But not deserted by the pitying skies.
 For Phœbus watch'd it with superior care; 30
 Preserv'd from gaping wounds and tainting air;
 And, ignominious as it swept the field,
 Spread o'er the sacred corse his golden shield.
 All heav'n was mov'd, and Hermes will'd to go
 By stealth to snatch him from th' insulting foe: 35
 But Neptune this, and Pallas this denies,
 And th' unrelenting empress of the skies:
 E'er since that day implacable to Troy,
 What time young Paris, simple shepherd boy,
 Won by destructive lust (reward obscene), 40
 Their charms rejected for the Cyprian queen.
 But when the tenth celestial morning broke,
 To heav'n assembled, thus Apollo spoke:
 "Unpitying pow'rs! how oft each holy fane
 Has Hector ting'd with blood of victims slain? 45
 And can ye still his cold remains pursue?
 Still grudge his body to the Trojans' view?
 Deny to consort, mother, son, and sire,
 The last sad honors of a fun'ral fire?

24. The body of Hector was still fastened to the chariot.

34. All the other gods pitied Hector, and urged Hermes to steal the body from Achilles; but Juno, Minerva, and Neptune were not even now satisfied in their love of vengeance. Note how Pope uses both the Latin and Greek names of the gods.

39. What time, a poetical phrase meaning "when."

40. Paris was called upon to judge which of the three goddesses, Juno, Minerva, and Venus, was fairest. He decided in favor of Venus on the promise that he should receive as his reward the most beautiful woman in the world.

Is then the dire Achilles all your care? 50
 That iron heart, inflexibly severe;
 A lion, not a man, who slaughters wide
 In strength of rage and impotence of pride?
 Who hastes to murder with a savage joy;
 Invades around, and breathes but to destroy? 55
 Shame is not of his soul; nor understood
 The greatest evil and the greatest good.
 Still for one loss he rages unresign'd,
 Repugnant to the lot of all mankind;
 To lose a friend, a brother, or a son, 60
 Heav'n dooms each mortal, and its will is done:
 Awhile they sorrow, then dismiss their care;
 Fate gives the wound, and man is born to bear.
 But this insatiate the commission giv'n
 By fate exceeds; and tempts the wrath of heav'n: 65
 Lo how his rage dishonest drags along
 Hector's dead earth, insensible of wrong!
 Brave though he be, yet by no reason aw'd,
 He violates the laws of man and God."
 "If equal honors by the partial skies 70
 Are doom'd both heroes" (Juno thus replies);
 "If Thetis' son must no distinction know,
 Then hear, ye gods! the patron of the bow.
 But Hector only boasts a mortal claim,
 His birth deriving from a mortal dame: 75

50-57. Literally, "But fell Achilles, O god, ye are fain to abet, whose mind is nowise just nor the purpose in his breast to be turned away, but he is cruelly minded as a lion that in great strength and at the bidding of his proud heart goeth forth against men's flocks to make his meal; even thus Achilles hath cast out pity, neither hath he shame, that doth both harm and profit men greatly." The double character of shame was a favorite topic with the Greek moralists. The Greek word expresses two ideas, the respect for the opinion of others, which we call honor, and the wrong shame or want of boldness which prevents a man from doing his work in the world.

73. patron of the bow, Apollo.

Achilles, of your own ethereal race,
 Springs from a goddess by a man's embrace
 (A goddess by ourself to Peleus giv'n,
 A man divine, and chosen friend of heav'n):
 To grace those nuptials, from the bright abode 80
 Yourselves were present; where this minstrel-god
 (Well-pleas'd to share the feast) amid the quire
 Stood proud to hymn, and tune his youthful lyre."

Then thus the Thund'rer checks th' imperial
 dame:

"Let not thy wrath the court of heav'n inflame; 85
 Their merits nor their honors are the same.
 But mine and ev'ry god's peculiar grace
 Hector deserves, of all the Trojan race:
 Still on our shrine his grateful off'rings lay
 (The only honors man to gods can pay): 90
 Nor ever from our smoking altar ceas'd
 The pure libation and the holy feast.
 Howe'er, by stealth to snatch the corse away
 We will not: Thetis guards it night and day.
 But haste, and summon to our courts above 95
 The azure queen; let her persuasion move
 Her furious son from Priam to receive
 The proffer'd ransom, and the corse to leave."

He added not: and Iris from the skies
 Swift as a whirlwind on the message flies; 100
 Meteorous the face of ocean sweeps,
 Refulgent gliding o'er the sable deeps.
 Between where Samos wide his forests spreads,
 And rocky Imbrus lifts its pointed heads,

81. minstrel god, Apollo.

96. Azure queen, Thetis.

99. Iris, goddess of the rainbow, and Jupiter's messenger.

Down plung'd the maid (the parted waves resound);
 She plung'd, and instant shot the dark profound. 106
 As, bearing death in the fallacious bait,
 From the bent angle sinks the leaden weight;
 So pass'd the goddess through the closing wave
 Where Thetis sorrow'd in her secret cave: 110
 There plac'd amidst her melancholy train
 (The blue-hair'd sisters of the sacred main),
 Pensive she sate, revolving fates to come,
 And wept her godlike son's approaching doom.

Then thus the goddess of the painted bow: 115
 "Arise, O Thetis! from thy seats below;
 'Tis Jove that calls." "And why" (the dame replies)
 "Calls Jove his Thetis to the hated skies?
 Sad object as I am for heav'nly sight!
 Ah! may my sorrows ever shun the light! 120
 Howe'er, be heav'n's almighty sire obey'd."
 She spake, and veil'd her head in sable shade,
 Which, flowing long, her graceful person clad;
 And forth she pac'd majestically sad.

Then through the world of waters they repair 125
 (The way fair Iris led) to upper air.
 The deeps dividing, o'er the coast they rise,
 And touch with momentary flight the skies.
 There in the lightning's blaze the sire they found,
 And all the gods in shining synod round. 130

106. Literally, "leapt into the black sea, and the waters closed above her with a noise, and she sped to the bottom like a weight of lead that mounted on horn of a field-ox goeth down bearing death to ravenous fishes." Many explanations of this remarkable simile have been offered. The "horn of a field-ox" is either an artificial bait of horn filled with lead or else a tube of horn surrounding the line above the hook to prevent the fish from biting it through.

112. blue-haired. This epithet is not found in the original.

115. painted bow. The rainbow.

130. Synod, assembly. The word is now restricted to meaning a church assembly.

Thetis approach'd with anguish in her face
(Minerva rising gave the mourner place);
E'en Juno sought her sorrows to console,
And offer'd from her hand the nectar bowl:
She tasted, and resign'd it: then began 135
The sacred sire of gods and mortal man:

“Thou com'st, fair Thetis, but with grief o'er-
cast,

Maternal sorrows, long, ah long to last!
Suffice, we know and we partake thy cares;
But yield to fate, and hear what Jove declares. 140
Nine days are past since all the court above
In Hector's cause have mov'd the ear of Jove;
'Twas voted Hermes from his godlike foe
By stealth should bear him, but we will'd not so:
We will thy son himself the corse restore, 145
And to his conquest add this glory more.
Then hie thee to him and our mandate bear;
Tell him he tempts the wrath of heav'n too far:
Nor let him more (our anger if he dread)
Vent his mad vengeance on the sacred dead: 150
But yield to ransom and the father's pray'r.
The mournful father Iris shall prepare
With gifts to sue; and offer to his hands
Whate'er his honor asks or heart demands.”

His word the silver-footed queen attends, 155
And from Olympus' snowy tops descends.
Arriv'd, she heard the voice of loud lament,
And echoing groans that shook the lofty tent.

154. honor. The “glory” above is the receipt of gifts. If Jupiter had permitted the body to be stolen away, and Achilles received nothing for it, he would have been disgraced, for, as will have been noticed, it is in the receipt of gifts that the point of honor lies.

His friends prepare the victim, and dispose
Repast unheeded, while he vents his woes. 160

The goddess seats her by her pensive son:
She press'd his hand, and tender thus begun:

“How long, unhappy! shall thy sorrow flow,
And thy heart waste with life-consuming woe,
Mindless of food or love, whose pleasing reign 165
Soothes weary life and softens human pain?

Oh snatch the moments yet within thy pow'r;
Not long to live, indulge the am'rous hour!
Lo! Jove himself (for Jove's command I bear)
Forbids to tempt the wrath of heav'n too far. 170

No longer then (his fury if thou dread)
Detain the relics of great Hector dead;
Nor vent on senseless earth thy vengeance vain,
But yield to ransom and restore the slain.”

To whom Achilles: “Be the ransom giv'n, 175
And we submit; since such the will of heav'n.”

While thus they commun'd, from th' Olympian bow'rs
Jove orders Iris to the Trojan tow'rs:

“Haste, winged goddess! to the sacred town,
And urge her monarch to redeem his son; 180

Alone, the Ilian ramparts let him leave,
And bear what stern Achilles may receive:

Alone, for so we will: no Trojan near;
Except, to place the dead with decent care,
Some aged herald who, with gentle hand, 185

May the slow mules and fun'ral car command.

Nor let him death nor let him danger dread,
Safe through the foe by our protection led:

Him Hermes to Achilles shall convey,
Guard of his life and partner of his way. 190

Fierce as he is, Achilles' self shall spare
His age, nor touch one venerable hair:
Some thought there must be in a soul so brave,
Some sense of duty, some desire to save."

Then down her bow the winged Iris drives, 195
And swift at Priam's mournful court arrives;
Where the sad sons beside their father's throne
Sate bath'd in tears, and answer'd groan with groan.
And all amidst them lay the hoary sire
(Sad scene of woe!): his face his wrapp'd attire 200
Conceal'd from sight; with frantic hands he spread
A show'r of ashes o'er his neck and head.
From room to room his pensive daughters roam,
Whose shrieks and clamors fill the vaulted dome;
Mindful of those who, late their pride and joy, 205
Lie pale and breathless round the fields of Troy!
Before the king Jove's messenger appears,
And thus in whispers greets his trembling ears:
"Fear not, O father! no ill news I bear;
From Jove I come, Jove makes thee still his care; 210
For Hector's sake these walls he bids thee leave,
And bear what stern Achilles may receive:
Alone, for so he wills: no Trojan near,
Except, to place the dead with decent care,
Some aged herald, who with gentle hand 215
May the slow mules and fun'ral car command.
Nor shalt thou death nor shalt thou danger dread;
Safe through the foe by his protection led:
Thee Hermes to Pelides shall convey,
Guard of thy life and partner of thy way. 220
Fierce as he is, Achilles' self shall spare
Thy age, nor touch one venerable hair:

Some thought there must be in a soul so brave,
Some sense of duty, some desire to save."

She spoke, and vanish'd. Priam bids prepare 225

His gentle mules, and harness to the car;

There, for the gifts, a polish'd casket lay:

His pious sons the king's commands obey.

Then pass'd the monarch to his bridal-room,

Where cedar-beams the lofty roofs perfume, 230

And where the treasures of his empire lay;

Then call'd his queen, and thus began to say:

"Unhappy consort of a king distress'd!

Partake the troubles of thy husband's breast:

I saw descend the messenger of Jove, 235

Who bids me try Achilles' mind to move,

Forsake these ramparts, and with gifts obtain

The corse of Hector at yon navy slain.

Tell me thy thought: my heart impels to go

Through hostile camps, and bears me to the foe." 240

The hoary monarch thus: her piercing cries

Sad Hecuba renews, and then replies:

"Ah! whither wanders thy distemper'd mind;

And where the prudence now that aw'd mankind,

Through Phrygia once, and foreign regions known, 245

Now all confus'd, distracted, overthrown?

Singly to pass through hosts of foes! to face

(Oh heart of steel!) the murd'rer of thy race!

To view that deathful eye, and wander o'er

Those hands, yet red with Hector's noble gore! 250

Alas! my lord! he knows not how to spare,

And what his mercy, thy slain sons declare;

243. *distemper'd*, unhinged, wandering.

245. *Phrygia*. This name does not occur in the text. Pope has used it for metrical reasons.

So brave, so many fall'n! to calm his rage
 Vain were thy dignity and vain thy age.
 No!—pent in this sad palace, let us give 255
 To grief the wretched days we have to live.
 Still, still for Hector let our sorrows flow,
 Born to his own and to his parents' woe!
 Doom'd from the hour his luckless life begun
 To dogs, to vultures, and to Peleus' son! 260
 Oh! in his dearest blood might I allay
 My rage, and these barbarities repay!
 For ah! could Hector merit thus? whose breath
 Expir'd not meanly in inactive death:
 He pour'd his latest blood in manly fight, 265
 And fell a hero in his country's right."

"Seek not to stay me nor my soul affright
 With words of omen, like a bird of night"
 (Replied unmov'd the venerable man):
 "'Tis heav'n commands me, and you urge in vain. 270
 Had any mortal voice th' injunction laid,
 Nor augur, priest, nor seer had been obey'd.
 A present goddess brought the high command:
 I saw, I heard her, and the word shall stand.
 I go, ye gods! obedient to your call: 275
 If in yon camp your pow'rs have doom'd my fall,
 Content: by the same hand let me expire!
 Add to the slaughter'd son the wretched sire!
 One cold embrace at least may be allow'd,
 And my last tears flow mingled with his blood!" 280

Forth from his open'd stores, this said, he drew
 Twelve costly carpets of refulgent hue;

261. his, Achilles'.

273. present, actually visible.

As many vests, as many mantles told,
 And twelve fair veils, and garments stiff with gold;
 Two tripods next, and twice two chargers shine, 285
 With ten pure talents from the richest mine;
 And last a large, well-labor'd bowl had place
 (The pledge of treaties once with friendly Thrace):
 Seem'd all too mean the stores he could employ,
 For one last look to buy him back to Troy! 290

Lo! the sad father, frantic with his pain,
 Around him furious drives his menial train:
 In vain each slave with duteous care attends,
 Each office hurts him and each face offends.
 "What make ye here, officious crowds!" (he cries) 295
 "Hence, nor obtrude your anguish on my eyes.
 Have ye no griefs at home to fix ye there?
 Am I the only object of despair?
 Am I become my people's common show,
 Set up by Jove your spectacle of woe? 300
 No, you must feel him too: yourselves must fall;
 The same stern god to ruin gives you all.
 Nor is great Hector lost by me alone:
 Your sole defense, your guardian pow'r is gone!
 I see your blood the fields of Phrygia drown; 305
 I see the ruins of your smoking town!
 Oh send me, gods, ere that sad day shall come,
 A willing ghost to Pluto's dreary dome!"

He said, and feebly drives his friends away:
 The sorrowing friends his frantic rage obey. 310

285. chargers, platters.

287. well-labor'd, richly wrought.

292. Their attempts to comfort him only angered the old King. The following lines well describe the weak petulance of a very old man who, under pressure of great grief, vents his rage upon those who happen to be near him, and whom he knows to be his friends.

Next on his sons his erring fury falls,
 Polites, Paris, Agathon, he calls;
 His threats Deïphobus and Dius hear,
 Hippothoüs, Pammon, Helenus the seer,
 And gen'rous Antiphon; for yet these nine 315
 Surviv'd, sad relics of his numerous line:

“Inglorious sons of an unhappy sire!
 Why did not all in Hector's cause expire?
 Wretch that I am! my bravest offspring slain,
 You, the disgrace of Priam's house, remain! 320
 Mestor the brave, renown'd in ranks of war,
 With Troilus, dreadful on his rushing car,
 And last great Hector, more than man divine,
 For sure he seem'd not of terrestrial line!—
 All those relentless Mars untimely slew, 325
 And left me these, a soft and servile crew,
 Whose days the feast and wanton dance employ,
 Gluttons and flatt'ers, the contempt of Troy!
 Why teach ye not my rapid wheels to run,
 And speed my journey to redeem my son?” 330

The sons their father's wretched age revere,
 Forgive his anger, and produce the car.
 High on the seat the cabinet they bind;
 The new-made car with solid beauty shin'd:
 Box was the yoke, emboss'd with costly pains, 335
 And hung with ringlets to receive the reins:
 Nine cubits long, the traces swept the ground;
 These to the chariot's polish'd pole they bound,
 Then fix'd a ring the running reins to guide,
 And close beneath the gather'd ends were tied. 340
 Next with the gifts (the price of Hector slain)

333. the cabinet, the receptacle for the gifts,

The sad attendants load the groaning wain:
 Last to the yoke the well-match'd mules they bring
 (The gift of Mysia to the Trojan king);
 But the fair horses, long his darling care, 345
 Himself receiv'd, and harness'd to his car:
 Griev'd as he was, he not this task denied;
 The hoary herald help'd him at his side.
 While careful these the gentle coursers join'd,
 Sad Hecuba approach'd with anxious mind; 350
 A golden bowl that foam'd with fragrant wine
 (Libation destin'd to the power divine)
 Held in her right, before the steeds she stands,
 And thus consigns it to the monarch's hands:
 "Take this, and pour to Jove; that, safe from harms,
 His grace restore thee to our roof and arms. 356
 Since, victor of thy fears, and slighting mine,
 Heav'n or thy soul inspire this bold design:
 Pray to that god, who, high on Ida's brow,
 Surveys thy desolated realms below, 360
 His winged messenger to send from high,
 And lead the way with heav'nly augury:
 Let the strong sov'reign of the plummy race
 Tow'r on the right of yon ethereal space.
 That sign beheld, and strengthen'd from above, 365
 Boldly pursue the journey mark'd by Jove;
 But if the god his augury denies,
 Suppress thy impulse, nor reject advice."
 "'Tis just" (said Priam) "to the Sire above
 To raise our hands; for who so good as Jove?" 370
 He spoke, and bade th' attendant handmaid bring
 The purest water of the living spring

346. his car. Priam in his chariot accompanied the mule wagon.

361. winged messenger, the eagle,

(Her ready hands the ewer and basin held);
Then took the golden cup his queen had fill'd;
On the mid pavement pours the rosy wine, 375
Uplifts his eyes, and calls the power divine:

“O first and greatest! heav'n's imperial lord!
On lofty Ida's holy hill ador'd!
To stern Achilles now direct my ways,
And teach him mercy when a father prays. 380
If such thy will, dispatch from yonder sky
Thy sacred bird, celestial augury!
Let the strong sov'reign of the plumy race
Tow'r on the right of yon ethereal space:
So shall thy suppliant, strengthen'd from above, 385
Fearless pursue the journey mark'd by Jove.”

Jove heard his pray'r, and from the throne on high
Dispatch'd his bird, celestial augury!
The swift-wing'd chaser of the feather'd game,
And known to gods by Percnos' lofty name. 390
Wide as appears some palace gate display'd,
So broad his pinions stretch'd their ample shade,
As, stooping dexter with resounding wings,
Th' imperial bird descends in airy rings.
A dawn of joy in ev'ry face appears; 395
The mourning matron dries her tim'rous tears.
Swift on his car th' impatient monarch sprung;
The brazen portal in his passage rung.
The mules, preceding, draw the loaded wain,
Charg'd with the gifts; Idæus holds the rein: 400
The king himself his gentle steeds controls,
And through surrounding friends the chariot rolls.

375. The altar of Jupiter stands in the center of the court.

390. Percnos, the black eagle.

393. dexter, to the right.

On his slow wheels the following people wait,
Mourn at each step, and give him up to fate;
With hands uplifted, eye him as he pass'd, 405
And gaze upon him as they gaz'd their last.

Now forward fares the father on his way,
Through the lone fields and back to Ilion they.
Great Jove beheld him as he cross'd the plain,
And felt the woes of miserable man. 410
Then thus to Hermes: "Thou, whose constant cares
Still succor mortals, and attend their pray'rs!
Behold an object to thy charge consign'd;
If ever pity touch'd thee for mankind,
Go, guard the sire; th' observing foe prevent, 415
And safe conduct him to Achilles' tent."

The god obeys, his golden pinions binds,
And mounts incumbent on the wings of winds,
That high through fields of air his flight sustain
O'er the wide earth and o'er the boundless main; 420
Then grasps the wand that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye:
Thus arm'd, swift Hermes steers his airy way,
And stoops on Hellespont's resounding sea.
A beauteous youth, majestic and divine, 425
He seem'd; fair offspring of some princely line!
Now twilight veil'd the glaring face of day,
And clad the dusky fields in sober gray;

403. The original reads "Behind came the horses, which the old man urged with the lash at speed along the city."

417. Literally, "Straightway beneath his feet he bound on his fair sandals, golden, divine, that bore him over the wet sea and over the boundless land with the breathings of the wind." Vergil is indebted to this beautiful passage in the fourth book of the *Æneid*, where he describes the flight of Hermes; and Milton had it in mind when he portrayed the descent of the Angel Gabriel—*Paradise Lost*, V.

421. The wand. The magic wand which Hermes carried in virtue of his office as messenger of the gods had the power of lulling men to sleep and waking them from sleep. It was originally twined about with ribbons, which in later mythology became snakes, symbolic of the god's subtlety.

What time the herald and the hoary king,
 Their chariot stopping at the silver spring, 430
 That circling Ilus' ancient marble flows,
 Allow'd their mules and steeds a short repose.
 Through the dim shade the herald first espies
 A man's approach, and thus to Priam cries:
 "I mark some foe's advance: O king! beware; 435
 This hard adventure claims thy utmost care;
 For much I fear destruction hovers nigh.
 Our state asks counsel. Is it best to fly?
 Or, old and helpless, at his feet to fall
 (Two wretched suppliants), and for mercy call?" 440
 Th' afflicted monarch shiver'd with despair;
 Pale grew his face and upright stood his hair;
 Sunk was his heart; his color went and came;
 A sudden trembling shook his aged frame;
 When Hermes, greeting, touch'd his royal hand, 445
 And, gentle, thus accosts with kind demand:
 "Say whither, father! when each mortal sight
 Is seal'd in sleep, thou wander'st through the
 night?
 Why roam thy mules and steeds the plains along
 Through Grecian foes so num'rous and so strong? 450
 What couldst thou hope, shouldst these thy treasures
 view,
 These, who with endless hate thy race pursue?
 For what defense, alas! couldst thou provide?
 Thyself not young, a weak old man thy guide.
 Yet suffer not thy soul to sink with dread; 455
 From me no harm shall touch thy rev'rend head;

431. Ilus' ancient marble. The tomb of Priam's grandfather. The name Ilium is derived from Ilus.

From Greece I'll guard thee too; for in those lines
The living image of my father shines."

"Thy words, that speak benevolence of mind,
Are true, my son!" (the godlike sire rejoin'd) 460

"Great are my hazards; but the gods survey
My steps and send thee, guardian of my way
Hail! and be blest! for scarce of mortal kind
Appear thy form, thy features, and thy mind."

"Nor true are all thy words, nor erring wide" 465
(The sacred messenger of heav'n replied);

"But say, convey'st thou through the lonely plains
What yet most precious of thy store remains,
To lodge in safety with some friendly hand,
Prepar'd perchance to leave thy native land? 470
Or fly'st thou now? What hopes can Troy retain,
Thy matchless son, her guard and glory, slain?"

The king, alarmed: "Say what, and whence thou art,
Who search the sorrows of a parent's heart,
And know so well how godlike Hector died?" 475
Thus Priam spoke, and Hermes thus replied:

"You tempt me, father, and with pity touch:
On this sad subject you inquire too much.
Oft have these eyes the godlike Hector view'd
In glorious fight, with Grecian blood imbru'd: 480
I saw him, when, like Jove, his flames he toss'd
On thousand ships, and wither'd half a host:
I saw, but help'd not; stern Achilles' ire
Forbade assistance, and enjoy'd the fire.
For him I serve, of Myrmidonian race; 485
One ship convey'd us from our native place;

457. Greece, the Greeks.
Lines, lineaments.

481-482. See the argument of Book XV.

Polyctor is my sire, an honor'd name.
 Old, like thyself, and not unknown to fame;
 Of seven his sons, by whom the lot was cast
 To serve our prince, it fell on me the last. 490
 To watch this quarter my adventure falls;
 For with the morn the Greeks attack your walls:
 Sleepless they sit, impatient to engage,
 And scarce their rulers check their martial rage."

"If then thou art of stern Pelides' train" 495
 (The mournful monarch thus rejoin'd again),
 "Ah, tell me truly, where, oh! where are laid
 My son's dear relics? what befalls him dead?
 Have dogs dismember'd on the naked plains,
 Or yet unmangled rest his cold remains?" 500

"O favor'd of the skies!" (thus answer'd then
 The pow'r that mediates between gods and men)
 "Nor dogs nor vultures have thy Hector rent;
 But whole he lies, neglected in the tent:
 This the twelfth evening since he rested there, 505
 Untouch'd by worms, untainted by the air.
 Still as Aurora's ruddy beam is spread,
 Round his friend's tomb Achilles drags the dead;
 Yet undisfigur'd, or in limb or face,
 All fresh he lies, with ev'ry living grace, 510
 Majestical in death! No stains are found
 O'er all the corse, and clos'd is ev'ry wound;
 Though many a wound they gave. Some heav'nly care,
 Some hand divine, preserves him ever fair:
 Or all the host of heav'n, to whom he led 515
 A life so grateful, still regard him dead."

Thus spoke to Priam the celestial guide,
 And joyful thus the royal sire replied:

"Bless'd is the man who pays the gods above
 The constant tribute of respect and love! 520
 Those who inhabit the Olympian bow'r
 My son forgot not, in exalted pow'r;
 And Heav'n, that ev'ry virtue bears in mind,
 Ev'n to the ashes of the just is kind.
 But thou, O gen'rous youth! this goblet take, 525
 A pledge of gratitude for Hector's sake;
 And while the fav'ring gods our steps survey,
 Safe to Pelides' tent conduct my way."

To whom the latent god: "O king, forbear
 To tempt my youth! for apt is youth to err: 530
 But can I, absent from my prince's sight,
 Take gifts in secret, that must shun the light?
 What from our master's int'rest thus we draw,
 Is but a licens'd theft that 'scapes the law.
 Respecting him, my soul abjures th' offense; 535
 And as the crime I dread the consequence.
 Thee, far as Argos, pleas'd I could convey;
 Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way:
 On thee attend, thy safety to maintain.
 O'er pathless forests or the roaring main." 540

He said, then took the chariot at a bound,
 And snatch'd the reins and whirl'd the lash around:
 Before th' inspiring god that urged them on
 The coursers fly, with spirit not their own.
 And now they reach'd the naval walls, and found 545
 The guards repasting, while the bowls go round:
 On these the virtue of his wand he tries,
 And pours deep slumber on their watchful eyes;
 Then heav'd the massy gates, remov'd the bars,

And o'er the trenches led the rolling cars. 550
 Unseen, through all the hostile camp they went,
 And now approach'd Pelides' lofty tent.
 Of fir the roof was rais'd, and cover'd o'er
 With reeds collected from the marshy shore,
 And fenc'd with palisades, a hall of state 555
 (The work of soldiers), where the hero sate.
 Large was the door, whose well-compacted strength
 A solid pine tree barr'd of wondrous length;
 Scarce three strong Greeks could lift its mighty
 weight,
 But great Achilles singly clos'd the gate. 560
 This Hermes (such the pow'r of gods) set wide;
 Then swift alighted the celestial guide,
 And thus, reveal'd: "Hear, prince! and understand
 Thou ow'st thy guidance to no mortal hand:
 Hermes I am, descended from above, 565
 The king of arts, the messenger of Jove.
 Farewell: to shun Achilles' sight I fly;
 Uncommon are such favors of the sky,
 Nor stand confess'd to frail mortality.
 Now fearless enter and prefer thy pray'rs; 570
 Adjure him by his father's silver hairs,
 His son, his mother! urge him to bestow
 Whatever pity that stern heart can know."
 Thus having said, he vanish'd from his eyes,
 And in a moment shot into the skies: 575
 The king, confirm'd from heav'n, alighted there,
 And left his aged herald on the car.
 With solemn pace through various rooms he went,
 And found Achilles in his inner tent:

572. his son. Achilles had a son, Neoptolemus, who remained at home in Greece.

There sat the hero; Alcimus the brave 580
And great Automedon attendance gave;
These serv'd his person at his royal feast;
Around, at awful distance, stood the rest.

Unseen by these, the king his entry made;
And, prostrate now before Achilles laid, 585
Sudden (a venerable sight!) appears;
Embrac'd his knees and bath'd his hands in tears;
Those direful hands his kisses press'd, imbru'd
Ev'n with the best, the dearest of his blood!

As when a wretch (who, conscious of his crime, 590
Pursu'd for murder, flies his native clime)
Just gains some frontier, breathless, pale, amaz'd:
All gaze, all wonder: thus Achilles gaz'd:
Thus stood th' attendants stupid with surprise;
All mute, yet seem'd to question with their eyes: 595
Each look'd on other, none the silence broke,
Till thus at last the kingly suppliant spoke:

“ Ah think, thou favor'd of the pow'rs divine!
Think of thy father's age, and pity mine!
In me, that father's rev'rend image trace, 600
Those silver hairs, that venerable face;
His trembling limbs, his helpless person, see!
In all my equal but in misery!
Yet now, perhaps, some turn of human fate
Expels him helpless from his peaceful state; 605
Think, from some pow'rful foe thou see'st him fly,
And beg protection with a feeble cry.
Yet still one comfort in his soul may rise;
He hears his son still lives to glad his eyes;

590-593. This is excellent, but not according to the text. Literally, “and as when a grievous curse cometh upon a man who in his own country hath slain another and escapeth to a land of strangers, to the house of some rich man, and wonder possesseth them that look on him.”

And, hearing, still may hope a better day 610
 May send him thee to chase that foe away.
 No comfort to my griefs, no hopes remain:
 The best, the bravest of my sons are slain!
 Yet what a race! ere Greece to Ilion came,
 The pledge of many a lov'd and loving dame! 615
 Nineteen one mother bore—dead, all are dead!
 How oft, alas, has wretched Priam bled!
 Still one was left, their loss to recompense;
 His father's hope, his country's last defense.
 Him too thy rage has slain! beneath thy steel, 620
 Unhappy, in his country's cause he fell!
 For him through hostile camps I bent my way;
 For him thus prostrate at thy feet I lay;
 Large gifts, proportion'd to thy wrath, I bear:
 Oh, hear the wretched, and the gods revere! 625
 Think of thy father and his face behold!
 See him in me, as helpless and as old;
 Though not so wretched: there he yields to me,
 The first of men in sov'reign misery:
 Thus forc'd to kneel, thus grov'ling to embrace 630
 The scourge and ruin of my realm and race;
 Suppliant my children's murd'rer to implore,
 And kiss those hands yet reeking with their gore!"
 These words soft pity in the chief inspire,
 Touch'd with the dear remembrance of his sire. 635
 Then with his hand (as prostrate still he lay)
 The old man's cheek he gently turn'd away.
 Now each by turns indulg'd the gush of woe;
 And now the mingled tides together flow:

638-643. The polished conciseness and antithesis of these lines ill accords with the simplicity of the original, "And as they both bethought them of their dead, so Priam for man-slaying Hector wept sore as he was fallen before Achilles' feet, and Achilles wept for his own father, and now again for Patroclus, and their moan went up through the house."

This low on earth, that gently bending o'er, 640
A father one, and one a son, deplore:
But great Achilles diff'rent passions rend,
And now his sire he mourns, and now his friend.
Th' infectious softness through the heroes ran;
One universal solemn show'r began; 645
They bore as heroes, but they felt as man.

Satiate at length with unavailing woes,
From the high throne divine Achilles rose:
The rev'rend monarch by the hand he rais'd;
On his white beard and form majestic gaz'd, 650
Not unrelenting: then serene began
With words to soothe the miserable man:

"Alas! what weight of anguish hast thou known,
Unhappy prince! thus guardless and alone
To pass through foes, and thus undaunted face 655
The man whose fury has destroy'd thy race!
Heav'n sure has arm'd thee with a heart of steel,
A strength proportion'd to the woes you feel.
Rise then: let reason mitigate our care:
To mourn avails not: man is born to bear. 660
Such is, alas! the gods' severe decree;
They, only they are blest and only free.
Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever stood,
The source of evil one, and one of good;
From thence the cup of mortal man he fills, 665
Blessings to these, to those distributes ills;
To most he mingles both: the wretch decreed
To taste the bad, unmix'd, is curs'd indeed;
Pursu'd by wrongs, by meager famine driv'n,
He wanders, outcast both of earth and heav'n. 670
The happiest taste not happiness sincere,
But find the cordial draught is dash'd with care.

Who more than Peleus shone in wealth and pow'r?
 What stars concurring bless'd his natal hour!
 A realm, a goddess, to his wishes giv'n, 675
 Grac'd by the gods with all the gifts of heav'n!
 One evil yet o'ertakes his latest day;
 No race succeeding to impartial sway:
 An only son! and he (alas!) ordain'd
 To fall untimely in a foreign land! 680
 See him in Troy the pious care decline
 Of his weak age, to live the curse of thine!
 Thou too, old man, hast happier days beheld;
 In riches once, in children once excell'd;
 Extended Phrygia own'd thy ample reign, 685
 And all fair Lesbos' blissful seats contain,
 And all wide Hellespont's unmeasur'd main.
 But since the god his hand has pleas'd to turn,
 And fill thy measure from his bitter urn,
 What sees the sun but hapless heroes' falls? 690
 War and blood of men surround thy walls!
 What must be, must be. Bear thy lot, nor shed
 These unavailing sorrows o'er the dead;
 Thou canst not call him from the Stygian shore,
 But thou, alas! mayst live to suffer more! " 695
 To whom the king: " O favor'd of the skies!
 Here let me grow to earth! since Hector lies
 On the bare beach, depriv'd of obsequies.
 Oh give me Hector! to my eyes restore
 His corse, and take the gifts! I ask no more: 700
 Thou, as thou mayst, these boundless stores enjoy;
 Safe mayst thou sail, and turn thy wrath from Troy;

685-687. These were the boundaries of the Troad.

696. Coleridge has called attention to the skill with which Priam first softens Achilles' heart by reference to his father and then introduces his request.

So shall thy pity and forbearance give
A weak old man to see the light and live!"
"Move me no more" (Achilles thus replies, 705
While kindling anger sparkled in his eyes);
"Nor seek by tears my steady soul to bend;
To yield thy Hector I myself intend:
For know, from Jove my goddess mother came
(Old Ocean's daughter, silver-footed dame); 710
Nor com'st thou but by heav'n, nor com'st alone;
Some god impels with courage not thy own:
No human hand the weighty gates unbarr'd.
Nor could the boldest of our youth have dar'd
To press our outworks, or elude the guard. 715
Cease; lest, neglectful of high Jove's command,
I show thee, king, thou trad'st on hostile land!
Release my knees, thy suppliant arts give o'er,
And shake the purpose of my soul no more."
The sire obey'd him, trembling and o'eraw'd. 720
Achilles like a lion rush'd abroad;
Automedon and Alcimus attend,
Whom most he honor'd since he lost his friend;
These to unyoke the mules and horses went,
And lead the hoary herald to the tent; 725
Next, heap'd on high, the num'rous presents bear
(Great Hector's ransom) from the polish'd car.
Two splendid mantles and a carpet spread
They leave, to cover and enwrap the dead:
Then call the handmaids, with assistant toil 730
To wash the body, and anoint with oil,

705-719. "This outburst on the part of Achilles shows the intense struggle through which he is passing. It is all he can do to control himself, and he feels that he will not be able to do so at all unless he is left to act in his own way, without being either hurried or doubted, as Priam's words might seem to imply."—*Leaf*.

Apart from Priam; lest th' unhappy sire,
 Provok'd to passion, once more rouse to ire
 The stern Pelides; and nor sacred age
 Nor Jove's command should check the rising rage. 735
 This done, the garments o'er the corse they spread;
 Achilles lifts it to the fun'ral bed:
 Then, while the body on the car they laid,
 He groans, and calls on lov'd Patroclus' shade:

“If, in that gloom which never light must know,
 The deeds of mortals touch the ghosts below, 741
 O friend! forgive me that I thus fulfill
 (Restoring Hector) heav'n's unquestion'd will.
 The gifts the father gave be ever thine,
 To grace thy manes and adorn thy shrine.” 745

He said, and ent'ring took his seat of state,
 Where full before him rev'rend Priam sate:
 To whom, compos'd, the godlike chief begun:
 “Lo! to thy pray'r restor'd, thy breathless son;
 Extended on the fun'ral couch he lies; 750
 And soon as morning paints the eastern skies,
 The sight is granted to thy longing eyes.
 But now the peaceful hours of sacred night
 Demand refection, and to rest invite:
 Nor thou, O father! thus consum'd with woe, 755
 The common cares that nourish life forego.
 Not thus did Niobe, of form divine,
 A parent once, whose sorrows equal'd thine:
 Six youthful sons, as many blooming maids,
 In one sad day beheld the Stygian shades; 760

745. *Manes*, a Roman word meaning departed spirit.

757. This is the only mention in Homer of the legend of Niobe. The meaning is, “You may well eat, without appearing hard of heart, for even Niobe ate in her grief.” Niobe's twelve children were slain as a punishment for their mother's pride in comparing them to Apollo and Diana. She herself was turned into a stone.

Those by Apollo's silver bow were slain,
 These Cynthia's arrows stretch'd upon the plain.
 So was her pride chastis'd by wrath divine,
 Who match'd her own with bright Latona's line;
 But two the goddess, twelve the queen enjoy'd; 765
 Those boasted twelve th' avenging two destroy'd.
 Steep'd in their blood and in the dust outspread,
 Nine days neglected lay expos'd the dead;
 None by to weep them, to inhume them none
 (For Jove had turn'd the nation all to stone): 770
 The gods themselves, at length relenting, gave
 Th' unhappy race the honors of a grave.
 Herself a rock (for such was heav'n's high will),
 Through deserts wild now pours a weeping rill;
 Where round the bed whence Acheloüs springs, 775
 The wat'ry fairies dance in mazy rings:
 There high on Sipylus's shaggy brow
 She stands, her own sad monument of woe;
 The rock for ever lasts, the tears for ever flow.
 Such griefs, O king! have other parents known: 780
 Remember theirs, and mitigate thy own.
 The care of heav'n thy Hector has appear'd;
 Nor shall he lie unwept and uninterr'd;
 Soon may thy aged cheeks in tears be drown'd,
 And all the eyes of Ilion stream around." 785

He said, and rising, chose the victim ewe
 With silver fleece, which his attendants slew.
 The limbs they sever from the reeking hide,
 With skill prepare them, and in parts divide:
 Each on the coals the sep'rate morsels lays, 790
 And hasty snatches from the rising blaze.

774. According to some, the rock referred to here may still be seen.

With bread the glitt'ring canisters they load
 Which round the board Automedon bestow'd:
 The chief himself to each his portion plac'd,
 And each, indulging, shar'd in sweet repast. 795
 When now the rage of hunger was repress'd,
 The wond'ring hero eyes his royal guest;
 No less the royal guest the hero eyes,
 His godlike aspect and majestic size;
 Here youthful grace and noble fire engage, 800
 And there the mild benevolence of age.
 Thus gazing long, the silence neither broke
 (A solemn scene!); at length the father spoke:
 "Permit me now, belov'd of Jove, to steep
 My careful temples in the dew of sleep: 805
 For since the day that number'd with the dead
 My hapless son, the dust has been my bed,
 Soft sleep a stranger to my weeping eyes,
 My only food, my sorrows and my sighs!
 Till now, encourag'd by the grace you give, 810
 I share thy banquet and consent to live."
 With that, Achilles bade prepare the bed,
 With purple soft and shaggy carpets spread;
 Forth by the flaming lights they bend their way,
 And place the couches, and the cov'ings lay. 815
 Then he: "Now, father, sleep; but sleep not here;
 Consult thy safety and forgive my fear,
 Lest any Argive (at this hour awake,
 To ask our counsel or our orders take),
 Approaching sudden to our open tent, 820
 Perchance behold thee and our grace prevent.
 Should such report thy honor'd person here,
 The king of men the ransom might defer.

But say with speed, if aught of thy desire
Remains unask'd, what time the rites require 825
T' inter thy Hector? For so long we stay
Our slaught'ring arm and bid the hosts obey."
"If then thy will permit" (the monarch said)
"To finish all due honors to the dead,
This of thy grace accord: to thee are known 830
The fears of Ilion, clos'd within her town;
And at what distance from our walls aspire
The hills of Ide and forests for the fire.
Nine days to vent our sorrows I request;
The tenth shall see the fun'ral and the feast; 835
The next to raise his monument be giv'n;
The twelfth we war, if war be doom'd by heav'n!"
"This thy request" (replied the chief) "enjoy:
Till then our arms suspend the fall of Troy."
Then gave his hand at parting, to prevent 840
The old man's fears, and turn'd within the tent,
Where fair Briseïs, bright in blooming charms,
Expects her hero with desiring arms.
But in the porch the king and herald rest,
Sad dreams of care yet wand'ring in their breast. 845
Now gods and men the gifts of sleep partake;
Industrious Hermes only was awake,
The king's return revolving in his mind,
To pass the ramparts and the watch to blind.
The pow'r descending hover'd o'er his head, 850
And, "Sleep'st thou, father?" (thus the vision said)
"Now dost thou sleep when Hector is restor'd?
Nor fear the Grecian foes or Grecian lord?
Thy presence here should stern Atrides see,
Thy still-surviving sons may sue for thee; 855

May offer all thy treasures yet contain
To spare thy age; and offer all in vain."

Wak'd with the word, the trembling sire arose
And rais'd his friend: the god before him goes:
He joins the mules, directs them with his hand, 860
And moves in silence through the hostile land.
When now to Xanthus' yellow stream they drove
(Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove),
The winged deity forsook their view,
And in a moment to Olympus flew. 865

Now shed Aurora round her saffron ray,
Sprung through the gates of light, and gave the day.
Charg'd with their mournful load to Ilion go
The sage and king, majestically slow.
Cassandra first beholds from Ilion's spire 870
The sad procession of her hoary sire;
Then, as the pensive pomp advanc'd more near
(Her breathless brother stretch'd upon the bier),
A show'r of tears o'erflows her beauteous eyes,
Alarming thus all Ilion with her cries: 875

"Turn here your steps and here your eyes employ,
Ye wretched daughters and ye sons of Troy!
If e'er ye rush'd in crowds with vast delight
To hail your hero glorious from the fight,
Now meet him dead, and let your sorrows flow! 880
Your common triumph and your common woe."

In thronging crowds they issue to the plains,
Nor man nor woman in the walls remains:
In ev'ry face the self-same grief is shown,
And Troy sends forth one universal groan. 885
At Scæa's gates, they meet the mourning wain,
Hang on the wheels, and grovel round the slain.

The wife and mother, frantic with despair,
 Kiss his pale cheek and rend their scatter'd hair:
 Thus wildly wailing, at the gates they lay; 890
 And there had sigh'd and sorrow'd out the day;
 But godlike Priam from the chariot rose;
 "Forbear" (he cried) "this violence of woes;
 First to the palace let the car proceed,
 Then pour your boundless sorrows o'er the dead." 895
 The waves of people at his word divide;
 Slow rolls the chariot through the following tide:
 Ev'n to the palace the sad pomp they wait:
 They weep, and place him on the bed of state.
 A melancholy choir attend around 900
 With plaintive sighs and music's solemn sound:
 Alternately they sing, alternate flow
 Th' obedient tears, melodious in their woe;
 While deeper sorrows groan from each full heart,
 And nature speaks at ev'ry pause of art. 905
 First to the corse the weeping consort flew;
 Around his neck her milk-white arms she threw:
 And, "O my Hector! oh my lord!" she cries;
 "Snatch'd in thy bloom from these desiring eyes!
 Thou to the dismal realms forever gone! 910
 And I abandon'd, desolate, alone!
 An only son, once comfort of our pains,
 Sad product now of hapless love, remains!
 Never to manly age that son shall rise,
 Or with increasing graces glad my eyes; 915
 For Ilium now (her great defender slain)
 Shall sink, a smoking ruin, on the plain.

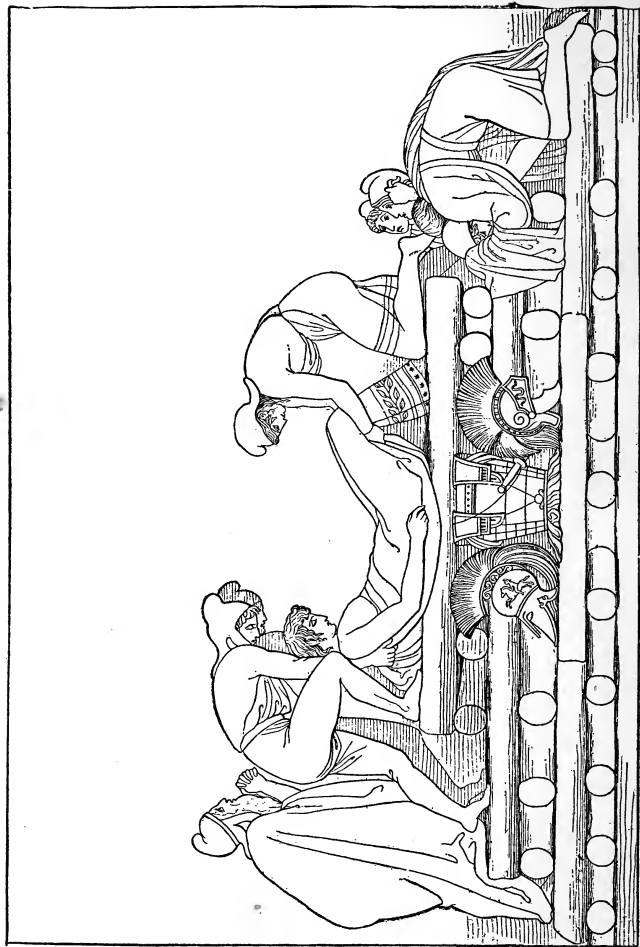
900. A melancholy choir, professional mourners are employed to lead the lament, to which the women keep up a chorus of "keening" or wailing.

Who now protects her wives with guardian care?
Who saves her infants from the rage of war?
Now hostile fleets must waft those infants o'er 920
(Those wives must wait them) to a foreign shore!
Thou too, my son! to barb'rous climes shalt go,
The sad companion of thy mother's woe;
Driv'n hence a slave before the victor's sword,
Condemn'd to toil for some inhuman lord. 925
Or else some Greek, whose father press'd the plain,
Or son, or brother, by great Hector slain,
In Hector's blood his vengeance shall enjoy,
And hurl thee headlong from the tow'rs of Troy.
For thy stern father never spar'd a foe: 930
Thence all these tears, and all this scene of woe!
Thence, many evils his sad parents bore;
His parents many, but his consort more.
Why gav'st thou not to me thy dying hand?
And why receiv'd not I thy last command? 935
Some word thou wouldst have spoke, which sadly
dear,
My soul might keep, or utter with a tear;
Which never, never could be lost in air;
Fix'd in my heart, and oft repeated there!"
Thus to her weeping maids she makes her moan;
Her weeping handmaids echo groan for groan. 941
The mournful mother next sustains her part:
"O thou, the best, the dearest of my heart!
Of all my race thou most by heav'n approv'd,
And by the immortals ev'n in death belov'd! 945
While all my other sons in barb'rous bands
Achilles bound, and sold to foreign lands,
This felt no chains, but went a glorious ghost,
Free and a hero, to the Stygian coast.

Sentenc'd, 'tis true, by his inhuman doom, 950
 Thy noble corse was dragg'd around the tomb
 (The tomb of him thy warlike arm had slain);
 Ungen'rous insult, impotent and vain!
 Yet glow'st thou fresh with ev'ry living grace,
 No mark of pain or violence of face; 955
 Rosy and fair! as Phœbus' silver bow
 Dismiss'd thee gently to the shades below."

Thus spoke the dame, and melted into tears.
 Sad Helen next in pomp of grief appears:
 Fast from the shining sluices of her eyes 960
 Fall the round crystal drops, while thus she cries:
 "Ah, dearest friend! in whom the gods had join'd
 The mildest manners with the bravest mind;
 Now twice ten years (unhappy years) are o'er
 Since Paris brought me to the Trojan shore 965
 (Oh had I perish'd, ere that form divine
 Seduc'd this soft, this easy heart of mine!);
 Yet was it ne'er my fate from thee to find
 A deed ungentle or a word unkind:
 When others curs'd the auth'ress of their woe, 970
 Thy pity check'd my sorrows in their flow:
 If some proud brother ey'd me with disdain,
 Or scornful sister with her sweeping train,
 Thy gentle accents soften'd all my pain.
 For thee I mourn; and mourn myself in thee, 975
 The wretched source of all this misery!
 The fate I caus'd for ever I bemoan;
 Sad Helen has no friend now thou art gone!
 Through Troy's wide streets abandon'd shall I roam,
 In Troy deserted, as abhorr'd at home!" 980

964. This line with its mention of twenty years has long been a matter of controversy for scholars.



THE FUNERAL OF HECTOR

So spoke the fair with sorrow-streaming eye;
Distressful beauty melts each stander-by;
On all around th' infectious sorrow grows;
But Priam check'd the torrent as it rose:
"Perform, ye Trojans! what the rites require, 985
And fell the forests for a fun'ral pyre;
Twelve days, nor foes nor secret ambush dread;
Achilles grants these honors to the dead."

He spoke; and at his word the Trojan train
Their mules and oxen harness to the wain, 990
Pour through the gates, and, fell'd from Ida's crown,
Roll back the gath'red forests to the town.
These toils continue nine succeeding days,
And high in air a sylvan structure raise.
But when the tenth fair morn began to shine, 995
Forth to the pile was borne the man divine
And plac'd aloft: while all, with streaming eyes,
Beheld the flames and rolling smokes arise.

Soon as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
With rosy luster streak'd the dewy lawn, 1000
Again the mournful crowds surround the pyre,
And quench with wine the yet-remaining fire.
The snowy bones his friends and brothers place
(With tears collected) in a golden vase;
The golden vase in purple palls they roll'd 1005
Of softest texture and inwrought with gold.
Last, o'er the urn the sacred earth they spread,
And rais'd the tomb, memorial of the dead
(Strong guards and spies, till all the rites were
done,
Watch'd from the rising to the setting sun). 1010

All Troy then moves to Priam's court again,
A solemn, silent, melancholy train:
Assembled there, from pious toil they rest;
And sadly shar'd the last sepulchral feast.

Such honors Ilion to her hero paid, 1015
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade.

1015-1016. Literally, "Thus held they funeral-for Hector, tamer of horses."





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